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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Historical Notices of the Collegiate Church or Royal Free Chapel and Sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand, London, &c. By Alfred John Kempe. Illustrated with Engravings. 8vo. pp. 412. London 1825. Longman & Co. J. Nichols & Son.

WHERE the Sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand formerly stood, our new General Post Office is now lifting its extensive walks. Where thieves and murderers and traitors were whilom received, there will in future be taken in commercial, dancing, and love letters. Such is the change wrought between the time of James I. (whose Acts in the 21st of his reign annihilated those privileges of refuge for ever) and our good days, when the correspondence of individuals produces a ten-fold larger revenue in one week, than ever accrued from protected felons in a twelvemonth. — But in making room for this alteration, many things of high antiquarian interest have been brought to light; and Mr. Kempe has rendered good service both to science and literature, by preserving their memory in this acceptable volume.

His chief endeavour (he tells us) has been to present to his readers in the annals of St. Martin-le-Grand, matter derived from unpublished manuscript authorities, rather than a compilation from printed books, and to associate with his work, as much interest of a general and historical nature as its limits would admit.

While engaged in this really meritorious pursuit, we read with astonishment, that "in collecting every thing which appeared worthy of notice relative to this highly privileged foundation, he had greatly to regret that the regulations of the Chapter of Westminster, to whom its possessions are vested, should be so exclusive of all historical research, as to preclude him even from a sight of the Register of the Church and Sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand, a restriction certainly not existing in times when literary labours were less encouraged, and of which it is not so easy to perceive the expediency."

It is not indeed; and we are glad to see the individual at the head of the Chapter of Westminster thanked for, at least, his politeness in answering an application so reasonable, that the feelings which rejected it can hardly be divined. From other more liberal sources the author procured sufficient information for his purpose.

On perusing this book a reflection strikes us very forcibly: it was Monachism which saved Literature through the darker ages; preserved that very Literature which at last burst forth at once a light and a flame to consume its preserver.

St. Martin-le-Grand, of which not a vestige now remains—of the greatness of which we have now this last record before us—was a royal and free chapel in the time of Edward the Confessor, and probably long anterior to that age; and possessed of many potent immunities. Its early history is thus given, at its endowment by Ingelric, the Saxon Earl of Essex, and Girard his brother, in the reign alluded to:

"It appears from a manuscript which has been frequently resorted to in the course of these

pages, that Ingelric was Earl of Essex under the Saxon monarchy, a dignity not then hereditary but of great importance; for, as a learned and high authority in our historical antiquities has remarked, Earls were not at first purely titular, but absolutely Viceroy's over the counties, invested with the military command of them, presiding in the county courts, and sharing with the King the third penny of their pleas. In short, the Earl was invested permanently with that power now delegated to the Lord Lieutenant with the Vice-comes or Sheriff.

"This foundation and endowment took place in the year 1056, the 15th of the reign of Edward the Confessor.

"After the glorious but unsuccessful stand made by Harold for his crown in the field at Senlac, near Hastings, Ingelric appears to have lost his possessions in Essex, which were conferred by the victor on one of his martial coadjutors, Eustace Earl of Boulogne.

"I am induced to suspect, from circumstances which will appear in the sequel, that Ingelric, and perhaps his brother Girard, devoted themselves to a religious life within the walls of their foundation; and that Ingelric himself was the first Dean or Custos of St. Martin's."

King William confirmed and enlarged the privileges of this establishment by a charter; in the verbiage of which, as is well observed by Mr. Kempe, "there is something of feudal grandeur, and the imagination conjures up in its accompanying witnesses, the Conqueror's royal court, his queen, his warriors, and nobles, the prelates of the holy church, and the legates of Rome, assembled at its confirmation."

A well digested account of the privileges of sanctuary follows; but we shall only quote a small portion of it:

"Sanctuary is said by ancient writers to have been first established in this island by Lucius, King of Britain, who is reported to have lived in the third century of the Christian era, but whose very existence is apocryphal. Spelman states that Pope Boniface the fifth was the first who commanded altars and palaces to be places of refuge for offenders. This was probably in imitation of the ordinance of Moses, which appointed three cities as a refuge for him 'who should kill his neighbour unawares.' There were two kinds of sanctuary, one of a temporary and limited, another of a permanent and general nature. Sanctuary appears at first to have been only intended to afford a temporary refuge for criminals until they could compromise their offence with their accusers; almost every crime, except malicious homicide, being under the Saxon laws redeemable for money.

"From the time of the Saxon kings, under certain modifications, churches and churchyards were a refuge for offenders, and the privilege of the temporary sanctuary afforded by them may be stated as follows. To those guilty of sacrilege or treason, it was for obvious reasons denied. Within the space of forty days the person who had embraced the sanctuary afforded by churches and their precincts was to clothe himself in sackcloth, confess his crime before the coroner, solemnly abjure the realm, and taking

a cross in his hand, repair to an appointed port, embark, and quit the country. If apprehended or brought back in his way thither, within forty days, he had a right to plead the privilege of sanctuary, and to claim a free passage. If the offender neglected this appeal to the coroner, and remained in the sanctuary after the forty days limited, it became felony for any one to afford him sustenance.

"The coroner was to take the abjuration of the criminal at the church door, in the following form, which acquaints us with some curious particulars.

"This hear thou, Sir Coroner, that I M. of H. am a stealer of sheep (or of any other beast, or a murderer of one or more,) and because I have done many such evils and robberies in this land, I do abjure the land of our Lord Edward, King of England, and I shall haste me towards the port of such a place which thou hast given me; and that I shall not go out of the highway, and if I do, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our Lord the King; and that at such place I will diligently seek for passage, and that I will tarry there but one flood and ebb, if I can have passage; and unless I can have it in such a place, I will go every day into the sea up to my knees, assaying to pass over, and unless I can do this within forty days I will put myself again into the church, as a robber and a felon of our Lord the King, so God me help and His holy judgment."

"In an ancient law book is the following particular account of the privilege of temporary sanctuary, by which it further appears that it was not indiscriminate. 'If any one fly to sanctuary and there demand protection, we are to distinguish; for if he be a common thief, robber, murderer, night-walker, and be known for such a one, and discovered by the people, and of his pledges and denizens, or if any one be convicted for debt or other offence upon his own confession; and hath forjured the realm, or hath been exiled, banished, outlawed, or waived, or joined upon this hope to be defended in sanctuary, they may take him out thence, without any prejudice of the franchise of sanctuary. But in the right of offenders who by mischance fall into an offence mortal out of sanctuary, and for their true repentance run to monasteries, and commonly confess themselves sorrowful, King Henry II., at Clarendon, granted unto them, that they should be defended by the church for the space of forty days, and ordained that the towns should defend such flyers for the whole forty days, and send them to the coroner at the coroner's view.'

"This authority further states that it was at the election of the offenders 'to yield to the law; or so acknowledge his offence to the coroner and the people, and to waive the law; and if he yield himself to be tried by law, he is to be sent to the gaol; and to wait for either acquittal or condemnation; and if he confess a mortal offence and desire to depart the realm, he is to go from the end of the sanctuary ungirt in pure sackcloth, and there swear that he will keep the strait way to such a port or such a passage which he hath chosen, and will stay in no parish two nights together, until that for this mortal offence which he hath confessed in the hearing of the people he hath avoided the realm, never to return during the king's life without leave, so God him help, and the holy evangelists; and afterwards let him take the sign of the cross and carry the same, and the same is as much

as if he were in the protection of the church, and if any one remain in the sanctuary above the forty days, by so doing he is barred the grant of abjuration, if the fault be in him, after which time it is not lawful for any one to give him victuals.

And although such be out of the peace of the king, yet none ought to dishearten them, all to one as if they were in protection of the church, if they be not found out of the high-way willfully breaking their caths, or to do other mischief in the highway.

The lodgings of sanctuary-men became a source of profitable revenue to the Ecclesiastics. William Esham, a scribe, writing to his master Sir John Paston, perhaps from this very Sanctuary of St. Martin, about the year 1469, beseeches him as an alms-gift for one of his old servants, plaintively exclaiming, "God knoweth I am in sanctuary at great costs and among right unreasonable askers."

Great abuses crept in as the times declined from their original simplicity; and these were dealt with by the laws acquiring additional strength, till the final and well-deserved annihilation of so dangerous a system.

The archives of the chapel, and the succession of monks, deans and prebends, furnish Mr. Kempe with materials for several valuable chapters; but their limits forbid our entering upon these historical notices.

Numerous fabricators of counterfeit plate and jewels sought immunity for their fraudulent trade within the walls of St. Martin's. Long after the dissolution of religious houses and suppression of sanctuaries, they appear to have kept their stand on this privileged ground. The manufacture of St. Martin's became a proverbial expression for counterfeit ware; and continued so even in the seventeenth century.

During the wars of the Roses, about the middle of the 15th century,

The lawless inhabitants of St. Martin's became, during these intestine commotions, more daring and obnoxious than ever to the city. They issued forth on some occasion boldly from their citadel in a body, assaulted and severely wounded several of the citizens, and retired again within the precinct. The Mayor and Aldermen put themselves at the head of the citizens, forced open the gates of the Sanctuary and bore off several of the ring-leaders. The Dean preferred his complaint for breach of privilege, as on former occasions, the Mayor was summoned to attend the king, at that time in Hertfordshire, but the Citizens of London were now treated with greater respect, and were directed to keep their prisoners until the matter could be more strictly investigated.

In the subsequent year a serious affray took place between the citizens and foreigners resident in London. The sanctuary men sallied out and joined the mob in the plunder of the unfortunate strangers.

These enormities produced an act of the King (Henry VI.) and the Star Chamber to limit and repress similar outrages: this document is very comprehensive, and of a part of it (the articles) so truly descriptive of sanctuary inmates, we give the following abstract:

1. Every fugitive claiming admission, to present himself before the Dean, and declare his crime and name.
2. That he deliver up all manner of weapon and armour, except his knife, which he is allowed to retain, provided it be pointed, "to serve withall his meate."
3. That "every errant and open thief, robber, murderer, and felon," on entering the Sanctuary, and surety of another person, for good behaviour during the next quarter of a year after his de-

parture; the said fugitive being always at liberty to depart at pleasure.

That the gates, doors, &c. of the Sanctuary be closed from 8 at night till 6 in the morning, from Allhallows to Candlemas; and from the same hour at night till 4 in the morning during the rest of the year; the treason and felony fugitives being always "within the closure on night's time."

In case of stolen goods being taken to the Sanctuary, the Dean to cause the thief to make restitution of the same, on satisfactory evidence being produced by the party robbed.

That if any fugitive "issue out by day or night" and commit fresh offences, he is to be committed to close confinement, with liberty, nevertheless, to depart from the Sanctuary, at any hour to be by him named "between sunne and sunne."

That subtle pickers of locks, counterfeiters of keys, contrivers of seals, forgers of false evidences, workers of counterfeit chaizes, bendes, brochures, ouches, rings, cups, spoons silvered, and plates of copper gilt, uttered for gold, be not suffered in the said Sanctuary; suspected persons to be confined, and to procure surety as in art. 3.

Common putters, strumpets, and bawdes, "to be set in open ward on day times, till shame cause them to depart or to amend their vicious living."

Forbids "deceitful games, as playes at hazard, the dice, the guck, the kayles, the cloysh, and other such uncleanly, &c."

Provides for the due observance of the Sabbath and saints' days "by all artificers, as well barbers as other."

And, if Enforces every person to be sworn to the observance of the articles.

At last, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of St. Martin's merged in that of Westminster, (about 1515,) and after this period the annals of the former are of less note. In 1815, the site was ordered, by Act of Parliament, to be cleared for the purpose to which it is now devoted; and the crypts and other remains which Mr. Kempe has had engraved, were discovered among the foundations. Altho' then we can most justly recommend his unpretending volume to the public generally.

A Picturesque and Descriptive Tour in the Mountains of the High Pyrenees: comprising 24 Views of the most interesting Scenes, &c. By J. Hardy, Esq. 8vo. Lon. 1825. Ackermann.

Though not written with the pen of a Chateaubriand, and though the Engravings are on a small scale; yet both the narrative and pictorial parts of this volume are sufficiently pleasing and varied to recommend it to favour. Of the latter we can give no notion, except we may do so by saying that they are about the size of the palm of our hand, and very pretty, even as monotonously coloured with blues, yellows, greens, browns, and white—the prevailing tints, it appears, of the country at the season it was visited by Mr. Hardy. The forms, however, are of every diversity of mountain, wood, crag, and building; and the whole number of prints serve to impress us with pretty accurate ideas of the diversified scenery of these lofty regions.

Of the qualities in the literary portion, (as we do not mean to enter upon the author's accounts of the famous Baths of Llarges, &c.) a very brief example will convey to our readers sufficient ground for an opinion, and we select the following:

At Pau "one house in the centre of the town has written upon it, 'Bernadotte, King of Sweden, was born here.' Branches of his family still reside in the place and its environs."

"The Berninis have very finely marked features, especially the women, with jet-black hair, like their near neighbours, the Spaniards. Even at this distant day I noticed many men who bore a strong resemblance to the portraits of Henri Quatre, of which they are not a little proud. At Pau, as in most other parts of France, there are two classes of men essentially distinct in character: one belonging to the *ancien régime*, including the old noblesse; the other embracing all those who have sprung up since the revolution. In dress, manners, and outward appearance, they are as opposite as light and darkness,

except that the younger still retain the universal politeness of the nation. The old beaux have silvered hair, wear white silk stockings, and, with a roquelaure, are just what we see on our English stage; the very pink of fribble and gallantry. The other party is mostly in a sort of military undress costume, with complete mops of black hair à la Brutus, terrific whiskers, and their gait the most consequential and supercilious that can be imagined. The public promenades shew them in fine contrast. The same may almost be said of the fair sex: of these, the elder are principally distinguished by daily attendance at mass, dressed in a full-trimmed lace cap, in lieu of a bonnet. It may well be supposed that there is no congeniality of sentiment between the two; each having a mortal hatred for the other, and shewing their reciprocal bitterness by almost blood-thirsty language and invective.

"Nothing can equal the beauty of the situation of Argelès: with the panoramic view around, it is perfectly exquisite. The traveller must here rest a time to enjoy the infinite variety. The valley of Auzan spreads out at his feet; to the north is a circular hill, called Balandrau; from thence a superb *comp-d'ail* is obtained of the valley; to the south is the Pic de Sculom, detached by its loftiness from the neighbouring mountains; behind this peak the summits of three other hills rise up into the azure of the sky, the masses of snow which streak their sides in fantastic shapes admirably contrasting with the deep purple of their bases. The nearer view traces the picturesque banks and meanders of the Gave, in its silvery course to the farther extent of the level. The whole scene has the appearance of one vast piece of mosaic: patches of the bright yellow blossom of the broom, the rich brown of the ripening harvest, the pale green of the beautiful meadows, skirted by noble trees, are all so enchantingly mingled, that the spectator feels absolutely bewildered with the splendid profusion:

"Here spring the living herbs profusely wild
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes."

"In the immediate neighbourhood are the remains of eight castles, each giving character to and embellishing the surrounding landscape: they formerly served to protect the country during the desperate incursions of the Spaniards."

At St. Sauveur, "one of the greatest delicacies of the season is the flesh of the wild deer, shot on the mountains, the chief purveyor of which is a deaf and dumb man of herculean strength, who is frequently out four days together, engaged in their pursuit, sleeping in caves. His shoes are supplied with five iron spikes at the bottom, and with these he ascends steep ridges with incredible velocity. During a subsequent visit which I made to this place, the same man returned from an excursion enveloped in an enormously large bear-skin. The account he gave was (as understood by these accustomed to his signs) that, lying concealed behind a rock, waiting the approach of some deer, he was dreadfully alarmed at seeing a bear, which at the moment was irritated by a number of insects tormenting its eyes. With great caution he loaded his piece with eight bullets, and with a sure aim sent them right into his head. The creature, as he describes it, rolled down the side of the mountain a full mile, himself carefully watching him, and a favourable opportunity offering, he again took aim, and laid him dead. Stripping him of his skin and cutting out his grease was the affair of the next day, and with these he came down to St. Sauveur, elated beyond measure with his splendid trophies.



"At some little distance from the village of Ode is a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, to which pilgrimages are made from the most distant valleys on the fête-days of the 15th of August and 8th of September. Being in the neighbourhood of St. Sauveur about the former time, I saw immense numbers assembling to offer up their devotions. For several days preceding the 15th, particularly the night of the 14th, men, women, and children were seen marching in lengthened files, chanting doleful strains. The melancholy and somewhat melodious hymns, proceeding from an infinity of voices, drove away all thought of sleep, and threw so strong a feeling of the romantic into the pilgrims, that, had health permitted, I should have risen, and most willingly joined the numerous throng. The whole were in their best attire, the women in white, with scarlet capucins, and barefooted."

"Infinity of voices" is a vile phrase; and indeed Mr. Hardy's style is by no means so pure as his taste for the beauties of nature is animated. "For instance, he tells us, elsewhere, 'the cascade of Serizet is heard afar off by a dull heavy sound,' &c.; and there are other faults of the same kind." But after all, the Views are the great ornament of the volume, and they are cleverly done.

Babylon the Great: a Dissection and Demonstration of Men and Things in the British Capital. By the Author of the Modern Athens. 12mo. 2 Vols. London 1825. C. Knight.

This publication has been lying longer on our table than we usually allow books to lie, before reviewing them; but critics, like other folks, have their tastes, and as we sometimes hasten to pleasant dishes with avidity, so are we sometimes repelled, through want of appetite, from other dishes, which are perhaps rather coarse, tough, heavy, or unpalatable. These volumes do not come under the first comparison: they have some merits, but they do in a great degree come under the last.

It is happy with an author when he can illustrate his title even in the first two sentences of his work—Babylon the great—Babel—a confusion of tongues—a horrid difficulty of understanding what is meant: hearken, how it commences!

"The literature of England, of Europe, of the world, at any place or for any time, contains not a page, a volume, or a book, so mighty in import or so magnificent in explanation, as the single word London. That is the talisman which opens the book of Nature and of Nations, and sets before the observer the men of all countries and all ages, in respect both of what they are and what they have done."

What the literature of the world "at any place" means, is far beyond our humble comprehension; and as for literature containing "a page, a volume, or a book," (heaven help us, we fancied a volume was a book,) it is really a droll turn, since in unenlightened times it always appeared to be the reverse, namely, that the pages, volumes, and books (since they must be distinguished) contained the literature. But as Dr. Last changed the whole system of anatomy, and sent the heart to the right side, &c. so we can have no objection to this new dissector of men and demonstrator of things, altering the entire position and order of learning, by being "so magnificent in explanation"! As for the talisman part of the business, the context, as it were, to the first grand burst, it exceeds our powers of imagination, even more than the preceding period. As we endeavour to understand it, it signifies, that the word London opens the book of

nature and of nations; (but what book that is we cannot tell, though we have heard, allegorically speaking, of the book of Nature—the book of nations should be a different affair, and may probably be an appendix of Chronicles or Kings;) but our author's conjoined volume must be still more wonderful, since, on being opened, it sets before our eyes the men of all countries and all ages, "in respect both of what they are, and what they have done." Oh, that we could explain this to our readers! but our skill in dissection and demonstration quails at the stern unintelligibility of so magnificent an explanation—we fold our arms, we sigh, we groan—we exclaim, Oh, "Babylon the Great!"

Perceiving thus early in his lucubrations, that no writer in existence could be better fitted to become the Historian of Babylon, and therefore attaching prodigious value to his dicta, we have, as we confess, been slower in perusing this clear and luminous author than we might have been, had we found him more light and easy of digestion. But when we reflect on the gigantic capacity of such a man; on the importance which must be allowed to his opinions; on his influence, not only on the present generation, but on posterity, to the end of time; on the mature insight into its every crevice which six months' residence in the talismanic London must have afforded him; and on the unhesitating dictatorial way in which he delivers his oracular dogmas, we are not sorry that we took about as long a period to read, as he did to make his book.

Having done so, we presume it will not be expected from us that we should become laborious commentators, to expound so accomplished a writer through many of his profound remarks. Qualified as he unquestionably shows himself to be, to paint our manners, to delineate our peculiarities, to describe our social life from bottom to top, to elucidate our politics, to take grand views of general, and striking views of particular subjects, to depict our leading characters of every class, and to criticise our arts and literature—qualified as this modern admirable Crichton is to go through all this task, slick, right away, it would indeed be presumption in us to do more than follow him in one or two cases, just to demonstrate how immensely we admire his genius.

The periodical Press occupies nearly all the second volume; of course the Literary Gazette is honoured with an exposition, and as we are a little better acquainted with that Journal than even this omniscient Dissector, we may as well take his notice of it to show how ignorant he is upon the topics which he presumes to decide in his own particular modest way of asserting, without hinting at doubt or scruple. Listen again to "Sir Oracle—let no dog bark."

"The labour of the critics has been wonderfully shortened; and yet, instead of being thereby obscured, it has become, if not absolutely clear, at least much more easily seen through than ever. But I shall have to advert to these matters, as the *spectres* of the journals pass in succession before me, and therefore I shall assume the attitude and the gravity necessary for receiving and doing justice to the goodly show,—of which I must attend first to them of the week, as they have the least time to wait ere they be elbowed into oblivion by their successors."

What the eminent person wishes to imply by telling us he shall assume an attitude necessary for receiving the *spectres* of the journals, passeth but the amiable confusion of his language, "to the goodly show—of which I must attend to them," forbids our prying farther, till he comes nearer home.

"In point, (saith the man of universal knowledge,) in point of standing, of informa-

tion as to the commercial part of the literary world, of circulation, and particularly of abundant quotation—especially from books published by certain houses—*The Literary Gazette* stands at the top of this class. "*The Literary Gazette*" is neither very wise as an oracle, nor very much to be trusted as a judge; and its connexion with the trade of book-selling is too close and too well known, for allowing of that perfect fairness which would be demanded of such a monitor. Furthermore, it has got completely established; and when a thing of its description accomplishes this, those who have the management are very apt to become indolent. But still "*The Gazette*" is not without its uses; and though the praise or the censure which it awards be often ludicrously at variance with the quoted evidence, yet one can always at least guess at the general nature of a book, from the character which is made and taken of it in "*The Gazette*."

Now, upon this opinion given *ex cathedra* by a writer, of whose "*Modern Athens*" (like his *Babylon*) we happened not to think so highly as he does himself, we may be pardoned for making a brief statement, and especially as we have seen the same or similar unfounded aspersions put forth by equally well-informed and honestly affected personages elsewhere. Falsehoods often repeated and never contradicted, acquire a certain semblance of truth, calculated to impose upon the public, and especially upon persons ignorant of real facts. Thus the misrepresentations in the newspapers, pamphlets, and books to which we allude, may have obtained some modicum of credit, at a distance from us, when they reiterated the lie, (as boldly as if justly stated,) that the Literary Gazette was biassed or entangled by any connexion with booksellers or publishers. To such charge, *We* (the Editor, in breach of grammar and etiquette) reply, and we are sure our word will be believed, that no bookseller or publisher had ever influence enough to dictate a line, far less an opinion, in this Journal; and we trust that whatever faults belong to it, they may be imputed solely to that source whence they flow—the best exercise of his judgment in an individual, labouring in union with others in whom he (not rashly, nor without strict trial) places confidence. We affirm that no instruction was ever given to one of the many literary gentlemen, artists, contributors, and correspondents, who have been connected with the *Gazette* since its establishment, except to write freely, impartially, favouring none, and without regard to persons: and we dared not say this, which so great a number might put us to shame by contradicting if false, unless it were unequivocally true to the utmost letter.

Yet this impudent pretender to instruct the country, ventures to talk of our fairness being notoriously affected by some undefined interest which he alleges we have in the trade of book-selling: we tell him, that we despise every puff and artifice of that trade, as heartily as we despise his own trade of book-making, without as much acquaintance with his subject as would entitle him to write a private letter upon it. And if he drags from us a proof of our uncompromising regard to honest criticism (as far as our abilities go) and literary independence, he shall have it in another affirmation, which we must have his own assurance to hazard were it not the simple fact,—which is, that the very Publishers who possess property in the *Literary Gazette* keep back their works from it more than booksellers unconnected with it, and loudly complain of their being treated with undue harshness and severity. So much for ourselves—it is seldom we are provoked to the theme; and perhaps even now it would have been wiser, at any rate

more dignified, if we had suffered our proud circulation and the gratifying popularity of our exertions, to answer these calumnies. The good sense and discrimination of the public generally put all such matters on their right footing. But we hope to be excused for once, if we have stolen half a column to vindicate our favourite pursuit with the few who may be abused by such a Solomon as we have here—dissecting and demonstrating, forsooth!

It is hardly worth while to pursue so absurd an author beyond these limits; but to show that it is not merely the exposure of his folly in our own cause which has induced us to castigate him, we shall dip, chance directed, into his book, and see what it is like on other points. Behold:

"So strong is this character upon him, that you can tell a genuine Londoner wherever you meet him; and you are much more certain of your man in the mountains of the North, or on the plains of the East, than you are in Cheapside, or Eudgate-hill. It is the same in whatever he may be doing: devotion, debauchery, attention of his family, desertion of his family—all sorts of virtues, all sorts of vices, are stamped with the air of business. You can never say that his heart is not in the matter—because you can never prove an *alibi*, by finding it about any thing else; but just as little can you say that his heart is in the matter, for you are unable to discover it there. It is, however, much more pleasant for you, and perchance also much more pleasant for himself; for the heart is both turbulent and a brittle thing, and it is wayward in the management, and painful in the fracture; and if one's own mere personal comfort be the sole or the grand object of one's existence, then the less heart one has, or the less one exercises it, one's comfort has the less chance of being interrupted."

And this is the character of a Londoner justly appreciated, or, as our title page would have it, "dissected and demonstrated." Upon it, we would ask, where are "the plains of the east"—what is "doing" devotion, debauchery, and above all, doing "desertion of family"—"stamped with the air of business"? What is that unintelligible stuff about the heart and its alibi—that brittle thing which is painful in the fracture? To us the whole seems a farrago of rank nonsense. But let us try one sort more, for justice sake, and in the hope that we may hit on something we can comprehend, and, comprehending, praise. Paragraph first of vol. 1, as good as paragraph first of vol. 2.

"One who is fonder of pleasing himself with the creations of his own wayward fancy, than of stating plain truths and plain words, would find delightful scope in laying hold of the opposite ends of things, and circumstances in Babylon the Great, bridging them together, and pointing out the singular contrasts which they form to each other."

Thus we learn, that pointing out contrasts in real circumstances, previously supposed to be an effort of reasoning, is, on the contrary, a "Creation of the wayward fancy!"

Eheu, you see—the writer's name is reported to be Moody, Moody; or some idiosyncrasy—if they are pronounced alike in the North; and we are told that he has gone to Dublin, for six weeks, in order to gather materials for an accurate picture of that City as he has given of the Capital of England. Let him take a piece of advice from a monitor which he has libelled. Let him not work so fast—it ruined Sir John Carr with Counties, and will ruin him with Towns; let him not manufacture long books with imposing title pages, out of mere newspaper information; let him offer his opinions with some

slight seasoning of diffidence, as if it were barely possible he might lack information or be mistaken; and let him refrain from imputations of the correctness of which he cannot be positive. Thus, with an observant turn of mind, though coarse and unpolished, he may write of things within his lowly sphere and compass, the reading of which may be endured.

and I. BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS, &c.

From Gherbee to Bosra and Salghud.

We resume our epitome of these Travels without phrase; trusting that the composite structure will speak for itself, and that if we are not worshipped in the structure, its parts, at least, may be praised. The difficulty of travelling in the Hauran; at the time of Mr. Buckingham's sojourn, seems to have arisen in great measure from the scarcity of corn to feed the horses, (in consequence of a great drought;) and he says,

"A foot passenger could therefore make his way at little or no expense, as travellers and wayfarers of every description halt at the sheikh's dwelling; where, whatever may be the rank or condition of the stranger, before any questions are asked him as to where he comes from, or whether he is going, coffee is served to him from a large pot always on the fire, and a meal of bread, milk, oil, honey, or butter, is set before him, for which no payment is ever demanded or even expected by the host, who, in this manner, feeds at least twenty persons on an average, every day in the year, from his own purse: at least I could not learn that he was remunerated in any manner for this expenditure, though it is considered as a necessary consequence of his situation as Chief of the community, that he should maintain this ancient practice of hospitality to strangers."

"One of the peculiar characteristics of difference between the ruined towns in the Hauran and those of the countries to the westward, is this, that in the former no fragments of broken pottery are seen, while near the ruins of ancient cities in Syria and Egypt, considerable quantities of such fragments are invariably found, either collected in heaps or scattered about on the surface of the earth. From this, one would infer, that abundant as was the use of earthen vessels in the two former countries, and particularly along the banks of the Nile, they were not much used in the Hauran, where, as stone had been so universally applied to all parts of their buildings from the want of wood, the same material, or perhaps metal, might have served for all their domestic utensils, and supplied the place of clay. Even at the present day, indeed, the want of this is so general that there are no potters or potteries in the country, and scarcely a vessel of earthenware is anywhere to be seen. The large jars used in their houses for containing corn and other provisions are made of mud and chopped straw, simply dried in the sun; their small drinking cups for coffee are of chinaware brought from Damascus: their cooking utensils are all of iron or copper rimmed on the inside; and water, wherever we had yet had occasion to ask for it, was handed to us in round wooden vessels, about the size of an English gallon, such as is used in measuring corn, about the same size, shape, and material, and not round like a bowl; in every part of Syria and Egypt, however, the jars and water-pots are of red and yellow pottery of burnt clay."

The Druses who inhabit the country before the traveller arrives at Bosra, are communicative and tolerant; but Mr. B. hastened anxiously through them, (not staying, as Burckhardt did,) and in good time reached his destination.

"Having alighted," he tells us, "at the house

of a person well known to both my guides, on first enquiry was as to the state of the roads, and the probable safety of a journey from thence to Damascus. In answer to our questions we received only vague assertions of what was already known to us, namely, that there was no assurance of safety in any part of the Hauran, without being well armed and in a party."

Bosra itself is an extremely interesting place, but Mahometan jealousy prevented the author from giving so particular an account of its curiosities as he wished. Greek, Roman, and Arabic inscriptions abound every where among the ruins of a city about three miles in circumference; our author contrived to copy a few of them, and doubtless if the whole might be quietly and safely examined by a learned person, the annals of the place would be sufficiently illustrated. From a fine Theatre existing, Bosra must have been a prominent Roman station; but all anterior is still more dark.

"It was in vain," says Mr. Buckingham, "that I directed my enquiries as to any traditions respecting this celebrated city; not one among our whole party remembered the poetic passage in Isaiah: 'Who is he that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra?' this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" (Chap. xlii. ver. 1.) Not one of them remembered any thing of even the name of Judas Maccabeus, by whom this city was taken; nor were they at all aware that it had been a post contested by the Romans, Parthians, Saracens, or any other people, as a fortified and border possession; but imagined that it must have been originally one of the principal cities of Solomon, and from the decline of the Jewish power have passed at once into the possession of the Christian Greeks, to whom they attributed all the principal remains now seen in the city."

But though he could get little of its antiquities, our countryman acquired information of another kind at Bosra. He says,

"On arising in the morning I found that I had been bitten all over, during my sleep, by an insect, whose bite seemed to combine the venom of the bug and musquito in one, and to be more painful than either. I was informed, on enquiry, that this insect was peculiar to Bosra, and failed not to select strangers for its feast in preference to those who were old residents of the place, which was the reason, probably, of so little pains being taken to use precautions against it."

These charming companions were left for Damascus, and seeing Salghud. All around Salghud the prodigious works, roads, buildings, &c. bespeak the powers of a Roman Empire; and the following paragraph, describing one of the aspects from this place, is very striking:

"Proceeding round to the eastern face of the castle, the view in that direction was calculated to excite surprise; and to awake an intense curiosity or desire to traverse the scene which it opened, and which desire, as I felt it in the strongest degree, I would have encountered any risk to gratify. We were not restrained by the peculiar circumstances of my duty. In the best maps which we possess of this country, the region beyond Jordan to the east is very imperfectly delineated and described: but Bosra and Salghud form the extreme border of all that is known, and beyond this the country has hitherto been supposed to be entirely a desert. How was I surprised, therefore, to see, as far as my sight could extend to the eastward, ruined towns without number, and a country which promised a still richer harvest to the scholar, the antiquarian, and the traveller, than even the interesting region behind us to the west. My guides knew

but little of the parts beyond Salghud, Abu Fakhrah having only once passed this boundary with some of the Arabs occasionally visiting this tract of country; but from him I was glad to obtain the names of such few places as he knew, for the purpose of noting their bearings and distance, and filling up as much of the blank of our maps as this opportunity furnished me the means of doing, leaving to others who might come thus far, unfettered by any other claims than the ardour of research, to push their enterprise and enquiry beyond this limit with a success which other considerations pre-emptorily denied to me. The following are the bearings that were taken of those few places, of which the names were known, as seen from the eastern face of the castle of Salghud:—

Ormusan E by N 3 miles—Hubbehtcha E by N 6 miles—El Khazir, a large town, E & S 5 miles—Tallioze, do. S 8 miles—Ghrieft of Buzerek, SE by E & E 7 miles—Derail Nassarat, SE by E & E 1 mile—Sauf, SE by E 3 miles—Pudile road, extending SE 5 miles—Mellah, seated on a hill, SE by S 7 miles—El Mejedal SSE 7 miles—Arghab S & E 8 miles.

The bearings, as in the former case, were taken by compass, and the distances computed or estimated by the eye, as they appeared from hence.

I learnt that there was not a single town of all the many to the eastward of us (of which those named were but a small portion) which was now peopled, the only inhabitants of this deserted region being the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, among which lizards, partridges, vultures, and ravens were all that I saw, but the wolf, the hyena, and the jackall are said to abound. Some of the Great Desert tribes of the Arabs occasionally visit this country to the eastward, for the sake of the water and verdure which they occasionally find for their camels and flocks after the rains; and then, as I was assured, it often happens that a person might, in peaceable times, go right across the whole country from west to east, passing from tribe to tribe without danger, provided he were well assured of protection from the first tribe, from whom he might obtain his safe conveyance to the next beyond it, and so on; a journey that would well reward the enterprise of any European traveller who might have the inclination, the means, and the power to accomplish it. At present, however, the great body of the Wahabees of Nejed had so spread themselves from the borders of the Hedjaz up to the highest parts of the desert beyond Palmyra, and close to the cultivated country on the edge of Asia Minor, that there was no security for any one; the whole Desert, as it might be called, being in a state of war. It is to be hoped, however, that on the first favourable occasion, some intelligent traveller will be induced to make the attempt, in the course of which he would be able to explore every part of the celebrated dominions of Og the King of Bashan, of which this place of Salghud was one of the principal; and do much to elucidate the early books of Scripture, by an examination of the ruins of the three-score cities, all the region of Argob, the kingdom of Og in Bashan, which cities, were fenced with high walls, gates, and bars, besides unwallled towns a great many. (Deut. iii. 4. to 10.)

As this has been named in Scripture as the land of the giants, and even the dimensions of the iron bedstead of their king have been given, which was kept in Rabbath of the children of Ammon, as a memorial, and was there referred to by the writer of Deuteronomy (iii. 11); there is no part of the country wherein this enquiry as to the probable stature of man in the early ages of which the Scripture speaks, could be carried on with greater probability of success than here.

where the proverbial expression of there being 'three hundred and sixty-six ruined towns,' now commonly used by the natives of these parts when speaking of many other districts of the country beyond Jordan, may be uttered with less exaggeration than in any other quarter to which I had yet heard it applied; so thickly strewn is every part of this interesting region with the vestiges of former strength and abundant population.

Having traced his steps back to Gheryeh, the author gives other curious particulars relating to this ancient site of human existence and effort.

In the course of the evening, we removed from the house in which our party first assembled, to the one adjoining it, which was larger, without an occupant. This gave me an opportunity of observing that the folding stone door of the first house, which was of the same description as those seen in the most ancient buildings, and at the entrance of Roman tombs, was fifteen inches thick, from which some idea may be formed of these ponderous masses, how unwieldy they must be to open and shut, and with what propriety they might be enumerated under the terms of 'gates and bars,' when speaking of the strength of the three score cities of Og the King of Bashan; as these ponderous doors of stone were all closed on the inside with bars going horizontally or perpendicularly across them, and the whole edifice even to the beams and roof being of stone also, must have rendered them almost inaccessible to any but the battering-ram or cannon. This also appeared to me as another proof of the very high antiquity of most of the towns and buildings as we now saw them (notwithstanding the peculiar marks of Roman and Saracenic work about them which might well be subsequently added), from their accurate correspondence with the descriptions in the earliest books of the Scriptures: for such buildings must have been impossible to be destroyed and swept away entirely to give place to others, without infinitely more labour and cost than it would take to make them the abodes of all future successors; while each race of their occupiers might make such additions, improvements, and ornaments, as suited their own style of taste, leaving the more solid parts of the structure just as they found them, and as they are likely to endure, as memorials of the highest antiquity for ages yet to come. In the house adjoining us, to which our party retired, I remarked a central fire-place, with massy stone beams forming the roof, pointed arches, and extremely solid masonry throughout.

Among other matters related during the evening, I learnt that the seven largest towns of the Hauran were appropriated to the seven days of the week, and that each bore the name of the day on which it held a market or fair; the round of the week being completed by each town holding a market once in seven days; so that during every day of the week there was a market or fair in some one or other of the seven, which being regularly observed was accurately known and attended as occasion required.

(To be continued.)

WALTON'S LIVES.

CIRCUMSTANCES in bowing interesting to the public, nor we hope prejudicial to the work in question, caused us last week to suspend our concluding Review of it. We are of course doubly anxious now to repair the omission.—In the biography of Sir Henry Wotton it is stated:—He was a great enemy to wrangling disputes of Religion; concerning which I shall say a little both to testify that, and to show the readiness of his wit.

Having at his being in Rome made acquaintance with a pleasant Priest, who invited

him one evening to hear their Vesper music at Church; the Priest seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him by a boy of the Choir this question, writ in a small piece of paper: *Where was your Religion to be found before Luther? To which question Sir Henry presently underwrote, My Religion was to be found there, where yours is not to be found now, in the written Word of God.*

The next Vesper, Sir Henry went purposely to the same Church, and sent one of the Choir-boys with this question to his honest, pleasant friend, the Priest: *Do you believe all those many thousands of poor Christians were damned, that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power? even those poor Christians that knew not why they quarrelled. Speak your conscience. To which he underwrote in French, Monsieur, excusez-moi.*

To one that asked him, *Whether a Papist may be saved?* he replied, *You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself.*

To another, whose earnestness exceeded his knowledge, and was still railing against the Papists, he gave this advice: *Pray, Sir, forbear till you have studied the points better; for the Italians have this Proverb: He that understands amis, concludes worse. And take heed of thinking, the farther you go from the Church of Rome, if it the nearer you are to God.*

And to another that spake indiscreet and bitter words against Arminius, I heard him reply to this purpose:

In my travel towards Venice, as I passed through Germany, I rested almost a year at Leyden, where I entered into an acquaintance with Arminius, who then the Professor of Divinity in that University, —a man much talked of in this age, which is made up of opposition and controversy. And indeed, if I mistake not, Arminius in his expressions, —as he weak a brain as mine, —may easily do, —then I know I differ from him in some points; yet I profess my judgment of him to be, that he was a man of most rare learning, and I knew him to be of a most strict life, and of a most meek spirit; and that he was so mild appears by his propensities to his Master Perkins of Cambridge, from whose Order of the Order and Causes of Salvation, which I first saw in Latin—Arminius took the occasion of writing some queries to him concerning the consequences of his doctrine; intending them, he said, to come privately to Mr. Perkins' own hands, and to receive from him a like private and a like loving answer. But Mr. Perkins died before those queries came to him, and his thoughts Arminius means them to die with him; for though he lived long after, I have heard he forbore to publish them; but since his death his sons did not. And his pity, if God had been so pleased, that Mr. Perkins did not live to see, consider, and answer those propounds himself; for he was also of a most meek spirit, and of great and sanctified learning. And though, since their deaths, many of high parts and piety have undertaken to clear the controversy, yet for the most part they have rather assigned themselves, than convicted the dissenting party. And many middle-witted men, which yet may mean well, many scholars that are not in the highest form for learning, what yet may preach well, men that are but preachers, and shall never know till they come to Heaven, where the question stick between Arminius and the Church of England, —if there be any small stain in the world, be lingering with, and thereby perpetuating the controversy, and do therefore justly fall under the reproach of St. Jude, for being busy-bodies, and for meddling with things they understand not.

And here it offers itself—I think not unaptly—to tell the Reader, that a friend of Sir

* See, for further mention of Salchah, (or Salghud, as it is now pronounced) Deut. iii. 10; Joshua, xli. 3, xlii. 11; and 1 Chron. v. 11.

Henry Wotton's being designed for the employment of an Ambassador, came to Eton, and requested from him some experimental rules for his prudent and safe carriage in his negotiations: to whom he smilingly gave this for an infallible aphorism: *That, to be in safety himself, and serviceable to his country, he should always, and upon all occasions, speak the truth,---it seems a State paradox---for, says Sir Henry Wotton, you shall never be believed; and by this means your truth will secure yourself, if you shall ever be called to any account; and it will also put your adversaries who will still hunt counter---to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings.*

This seems to have been the course of policy by which our present popular Secretary for Foreign Affairs has baffled every enemy of England, and turned the tables upon all who envied her prosperity. Simple truth is, indeed, the only right mode of negotiation which becomes a great people; and in all our intercourse with other States, Mr. Canning seems to have adhered to this, as the safe, safe and noble principle.

Of Wotton we shall take no more notice, than to say, that he finished a life of religious feeling, and of religious controversy, too, in a consistent manner. He appointed that his executors should lay over his grave a marble stone, plain and not costly. It was directed by him to be thus inscribed:

*Hic Jacet Injus Sententia primus Author:
DISPUTANDI PRIMITUS, ECCLESIASTICUS SCABER:
Nomen alius quere.*

Which may be Englished thus:

*Here lies the first Author of this Sentence:
THE ITCH OF DISPUTATION WILL PROVE THE SCAB
OF THE CHURCH.
Inquire his Name elsewhere."*

Upon which Walton observes:

"And if any shall object, as I think some have, that Sir Henry Wotton was not the first author of this sentence: but that this, or a sentence like it, was long before his time; to him I answer, that Solomon says, *Nothing can be spoken, that hath not been spoken: for there is no new thing under the sun.* But grant, that in his various reading he had met with this, or a like sentence, yet reason mixed with charity should persuade all readers to believe that Sir Henry Wotton's mind was then so fixed on that part of the communion of Saints which is above, that an holy lethargy did surprise his memory. For doubtless, if he had not believed himself to be the first author of what he had said, he was too prudent first to own, and then expose it to the public view and censure of every critic. And unquestionably it will be charity in all readers to think his mind was then so fixed on Heaven, that a holy zeal did transport him; and that, in this sacred ecstacy, his thoughts were then only of the Church Triumphant, into which he daily expected his admission; and that Almighty God was then pleased to make him a Prophet, to tell the Church Militant, and particularly that part of it in this nation, where the weeds of controversy grow to be daily both more numerous and more destructive to humble piety; and where men have consciences that boggle at ceremonies, and yet scruple not to speak and act such sins as the ancient humble Christians believed to be a sin to think; and where, our reverend Hooker says, *former simplicity, and a fitness of spirit, is not now to be found, because Zeal hath drowned Charity; and Skill, Meekness.* It will be good to think, that these sad changes have proved this Epitaph to be a useful caution unto us of this nation; and the sad effects thereof in Germany have proved it to be a mournful truth."

How applicable is much of this to our own times!

Of Hooker, (mentioned in our last quotation,

and whose life follows that of Wotton,) the subjoined account is interesting, and affords a singular instance of the simplicity of his manners. When about eighteen, it is related,

"About this time of his age he fell into a dangerous sickness, which lasted two months; all which time his Mother, having notice of it, did in her hourly prayers as earnestly beg his life of God, as Monica, the mother of St. Augustine did, that he might become a true Christian; and their prayers were both so heard as to be granted. Which Mr. Hooker would often mention with much joy, and as often pray that he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother; of whom he would often say, he loved her so dearly, that he would endeavour to be good, even as much for her's, as for his own sake.

"As soon as he was perfectly recovered from this sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good Mother, being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own College, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money, or their humility made it so: but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table: which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends: and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which, when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him: and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease: and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats, to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your Mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the College: and so God bless you, good Richard.

"And this, you may believe, was performed by both parties. But, alas! the next news that followed Mr. Hooker to Oxford was, that his learned and charitable patron had changed this for a better life. Which happy change may be believed, for that as he lived, so he died, in devout meditation and prayer; and in both so zealously, that it became a religious question, *Whether his last ejaculations or his soul, did first enter into Heaven?*

"And now Mr. Hooker became a man of sorrow and fear: of sorrow, for the loss of so dear and comfortable a patron; and of fear, for his future subsistence."

But his worst fortune was to marry a vixen of a wife; and Walton's history of the matter is, to us, very entertaining, from its style and the reflections upon it. When Hooker came first to London, he was kindly treated by a Mrs. Churchman, at whose house he lodged: this was, we are told, "so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him; such an one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a

one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry. And he, not considering that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light; but, like a true Nathanael, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with,—you may read it in the book of Genesis,—when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac: for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that, or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's, which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house: so that the good man had no reason to rejoice in the wife of his youth: but too just cause to say with the holy Prophet, *Wo is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!*

"This choice of Mr. Hooker's—if it were his choice—may be wondered at: but let us consider that the Prophet Ezekiel says, *There is a wheel within a wheel; a secret sacred wheel of Providence,—most visible in marriages,—guided by His hand, that allows not the race to the swift, nor bread to the wise, nor good wives to good men: and He that can bring good out of evil—for mortals are blind to this reason—only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was; and let the Reader cease to wonder, for affliction is a divine diet; which, though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good, though bitter physic to those children, whose souls are dearest to him.*

"And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his College; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world; into those corroding cares that attend a married Priest, and a country Parsonage; which was Drayton-Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury, and in the Diocese of Lincoln; to which he was presented by John Cheney, Esq.—then patron of it—the 9th of December, 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God—in much patience, in afflictions, in anguish, in necessities, in poverty, and no doubt in long-suffering; yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

"And in this condition he continued about a year; in which time his two Pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their Tutor; where they found him with a book in his hand,—it was the *Odes of Horace*—he being then like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field; which he told his Pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to fine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was resolutely denied them; for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they staid but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their Tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at

their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, *Good Tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your passage; and more sorry that your wife proves me a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies.* To whom the good man replied, *My dear George, if Saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me; but labour—as indeed I do daily—to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.*

After, when removed to a better parsonage, namely, Bourne near Canterbury, the same subject is thus continued:

"Many turned out of the road, and others—scholars especially—went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired: and *Alas!* as our Saviour said of St. John Baptist: *What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen? No, indeed; but an obscure, harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his hair usually gilt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more bulky in the thoughts of his soul: his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications; his face full of heat pimples, begot by his unactivity, and sedentary life.* And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour: God and Nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance; so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever look any man in the face: and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor Parish-Clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time: and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted; and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended: and the Reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mr. Churchman to choose his wife."

In finishing with an account of his family after his death, Walton adds:

"And for his wife, she was so unlike Jephtha's daughter, that she staid not a comely time to bewail her widowhood; nor lived long enough to repent her second marriage; for which, doubtless, she would have found cause, if there had been but four months betwixt Mr. Hooker's and her death. But she is dead, and let her other infirmities be buried with her."

Having declared that our extracts from this interesting volume must be remembrances rather than novelties, our readers may accuse us of having gone into them at too much length: but the words of our old writers are very seductive when accident throws us back upon them. We shall, however, now conclude with one other selection from the life of Mr. George Herbert, as a contrast to our last.

"*I have now,*" says the worthy Izaak, after telling us all his birth, parentage, and education, "*brought him to the Parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the Reader to prepare for an almost incredible story, of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it: a life, that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found, in the life of George Herbert.* But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? *I confess I am not; and am well pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed, when I consider how few of the Clergy*

lived like him then, and how many, live so unlike him now! But I beseech you, do me the pleasure, my design is rather to assure the Reader, that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

"When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell,—as the Law requires him,—he staid so much longer than an ordinary time, before he returned to those friends that staid expecting him at the Church-door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the Church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the Altar; at which time and place—as he after told Mr. Woodnot—he set some rules to himself, for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them."

"And the same night that he had his induction, he said to Mr. Woodnot, *I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I can now behold the Court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures; pleasures, that are so empty, as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God, and his service, is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependants to a love and reliance on Him, who never fails those that trust him. But above all, I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a Clergyman, is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts.*

"The third day after he was made Rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her—*You are now a Minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know, that a Priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a Herald, as to assure you that this is truth. And she was so meek a wife, as to assure him, it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her: and this love followed her in all places, as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine."*

We may not take leave without again expressing our admiration of the embellishments with which Mr. Major has graced this volume.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNTESS DE GENLIS. Vols. 5th and 6th. Second Notice.

It has long been the fashion to regret the refined society of Paris as depicted in the correspondence of Grimm, and to consider the twenty years that preceded the revolution as the period when social habits had reached the acme of perfection. The writers of that day again refer us to the age of Louis the Fourteenth, as the model of taste; while the Boileaus and Dangeaus of that period would doubtless send us still farther back to the reign of Henry IV. or the barbarous display of France the First. The period of the

highest perfection of taste, like that of purity of morals, is always referred to some by-gone age, of which the habits of the present day are held to be merely a degenerate imitation. One thing, however, is sufficiently obvious—the higher classes in France were by far too ignorant in the time of Louis XIV. to be looked to as models of taste for the present age, and the competitors in the race of *esprit* that figured in the societies of Madame du Deffand, Madame D'Epinay, or the Maréchale de Luxembourg, were too fond of display, and too unprincipled withal, to be regarded as the arbiters of *bon-ton* for the subjects of Charles the Tenth, much less to serve as models for social habits in England in the refined age of George the Fourth. Frivolity is admitted by Madame de Genlis to have been the distinguishing feature of French society before the revolution; but she maintains that it was an amiable frivolity, that proved no obstacle to the serious business of life, merely serving as a relaxation from the fatigue of harassing duties. But we shall give her defence of the manners of past times in her own language:

"There is great pleasure in being able to argue well in a serious conversation, or to say trifles gracefully in a select and private party; and the French, in former times, seemed to have the exclusive privilege of wielding this double power with success. . . . Previous to that horrid period, when imperty, licentiousness, and pride, ran mad, combined to give birth to all the scenes we have witnessed, the *frivolity* of the French was not a national defect; it was, on the contrary, the preserver against pedantry, affectation, and a thousand ridiculous and dangerous pretensions. It was found where it ought to be, to form the charm of society in the conversations of men of the world, in epistolary communications and the gayest amusements. It excluded from our parties a positive and dogmatical spirit, metaphysical discussions, politics, and dissertations; and it was in its turn excluded from important affairs and serious works. Men never thought more profoundly, or wrote more elegantly and correctly than at the period when society was adorned by the most amiable frivolity, which was nothing else but a relaxation of mind and a gaiety full of wit, feeling, and grace. Were we to expunge from the letters of Madame de Sevigné every thing that is frivolous, we should take away their principal charm."

"Let us admit, then, that frivolity free from magnificence, frivolity that wishes to examine deeply into nothing, but touches gracefully upon every thing, which rallies without ill-will, which judges in sportive language, and relates an anecdote without the show of reflection, ever ready to laugh even at its own judgment,—let us admit that this amiable frivolity forms all the charm of society and conversation, and that it is a necessary relaxation after important affairs and harassing occupation. Its thoughtlessness resembles candour, and its sort of childishness resembles innocence."

Among other advantages of the olden time, the ladies are also asserted to have been much more domestic than those of the present day, though we must confess that we had hitherto imagined that the praise of a French fine woman could scarcely have at any time been that she "preferred home to the pleasures of society." But it is natural that Madame de Genlis should paint the companions of her youth *en beau*.

"Women, in those days, were of much more sedentary habits; in their youth they never went out without their chaperons, and then it was chiefly to perform their domestic duties. When they reached the age of maturity, if they were of pleasing manners, they collected a choice

party, which met solely for the purpose of conversation. They attracted company without expense, and were not obliged to promise music and *charades*. At the present day, what is called a *soirée* is a theatrical performance. Every thing is to be found in it but ease, confidence, gaiety, conversation, and social habits. Young women at the present day attach in general a great deal too much importance to dress and *fashion*; they are by far too fond of invitations and the theatre; they are not sufficiently pleased with their own homes; and such inclinations do not promise for mature life either pleasing, sensible women, or excellent mistresses of a family. Yet no real or complete praise can be bestowed upon a woman if she prefers not her own home to all the pleasures of the world."

When Buonaparte became emperor, he adopted the old plan of giving pensions to a number of literary and political writers, under the engagement of sending to him regular reports of every subject of interest that was occurring in society, particularly of the critical remarks of the old dowagers (*male and female*) of the Faubourg St. Germain, whose *bons-mots* were more keenly felt by the *parvenu* sovereign than the failure of an important expedition. By this varied correspondence he found himself, even in the midst of his armies in Germany and Poland, au fait of all the literary news and quarrels of the time, and also of the various opinions entertained by old royalists and converted republicans concerning his measures of internal policy and the *etiquette* of his court. By thus ascertaining the opinions of all parties, he was enabled to please the royalists, by the assumption of more than the old splendour, and certainly more than the old *faste* and arrogance of the Bourbon court, while he employed the republicans in keeping down those very opinions, by means of which both he and they had risen from their native obscurity. It must be admitted that he found little difficulty in moulding the Brutuses of 1793 into imperial senators; for all but a few stern, impracticable republicans (such as Carnot, for instance) turned round with marvellous facility from the doctrines of liberty and equality to the *sovereignty*, *exclusiveness*, and *unbounded worship* of the modern Charlemagne. All those who had enjoyed posts in the court of Louis XVI. were willingly admitted as chamberlains to this "Majesty the Emperor and King;" or if that honour was too great for new converts, they were appointed gentlemen in waiting, or equerries, or grand-masters of the household, to her Majesty "the Empress," or their "Imperial Highnesses" Lucien, Joseph, Jerome, Louis, and other members of the new dynasty; while the most distinguished writers that had survived the revolution were retained by pensions as so many useful auxiliaries in support of the new order of things. The following is the account given by Madame de Genlis of her correspondence with Napoleon:

"Some time afterwards M. de Lavalette wrote to me, that the first consul, now emperor, desired I would write to him once a fortnight on politics, finances, literature, and morals, as well as on any subjects that might occur to me. I never wrote to him either on politics or finance; I never requested any favour for myself, though I have asked many for others; he granted almost all my requests without ever writing me a single line. I never said a word against my enemies; often I have spoken in their favour; I wrote to him nearly every month; but my subjects were only religion and morals, literature and the philosophy of the last century: it was not my fault, if he did not become religious."

It has been generally understood that Pope Pius VII. was excessively shocked at the indi-

ference and even contempt displayed towards him by the Parisians, during his memorable visit to France to crown the victorious General; but such is the influence of opinion, that our authors represent him as the object of universal veneration:

"Nothing can give an idea of the paternal aspect of Pius VII., of the calmness and majesty of his air, of his splendid appearance in the grand and magnificent gallery of Diana, then filled with persons of both sexes, the most distinguished for their talents, merit, rank, and reputation. Every look, without exception, expressed the most profound veneration; and I felt so much pleasure in contemplating this religious and imposing spectacle, that when I left the gallery and went with M. de Cabre to pay a visit to the Cardinal de Bayane, I found it impossible to speak of any thing else; the cardinal informed me that this feeling had always been so general, that the best observer would not have been able, in the presence of the Pope, to distinguish the persons who were religious from those who were not so. While on this subject, he told me that M. de la Lande, the astronomer, had come some days previously to the pope's public audience; and that the excessive ugliness of that famous atheist having struck the holy father, he approached M. de la Lande, and said to him:—'I am delighted to see, by your presence here, that you deny, in so personal a manner, the horrible calumny which attributes to you a book (the Dictionary of Atheism) unworthy, in all respects, of such a personage as you.' At these words, M. de la Lande fell at the feet of the sovereign pontiff, who gave him his benediction."— "I did not lose a single occasion, during the pope's residence in Paris, of seeing the Holy Father in the churches, or even of seeing him pass through the streets. I felt the greatest desire to ascertain, by my own feelings, whether the portrait of him by David was as fine and as good a likeness as had been stated; I was charmed with the portrait, but the Queen of Naples assured me that the Pope's head was still finer in the picture of the Coronation, which was then only to be seen in the *atelier* of David. I signified my regret at being unable to go there, as I had strongly blamed, in my *Precis de Conduite*, the actions and the political opinions of David, and that I supposed, with great appearance of probability, he would refuse to receive me. Upon this the Queen had the goodness to say that she would take me with her, which she did the following day. David received me without any ill-will; on my side I praised, with perfect sincerity, not the entire picture, which may be found fault with in many respects, but the figure of the Pope, which is quite admirable. Somebody said to David one day, that every one thought, and with reason, that he had made the Empress Josephine ridiculously young:—'Go and tell her so,' replied David."

Among the distinguished friends of the author, after her return to France, was the celebrated rival of Mirabeau, Cardinal Maury, whose conversation (she says) was full of wit and anecdote, and possessed as many charms as his eloquence in the senate and the pulpit.

"He (Cardinal Maury) was the author of many *bons-mots*, and often gave repartees of the most brilliant description, made on the instant. The following had prodigious success in this way, and was repeated every where. One day, in presence of Napoleon, and a great number of courtiers, he had an earnest discussion with M. de ———, who concluded by saying to him rudely: 'It is well known, M. le Cardinal, that in your own heart you think yourself superior to every one.'—'No, Sir,' replied the Cardinal; 'I am without pride when I judge myself, but I

confess to some portion of it when I compare myself with certain other people.'"

Madame de Genlis obtained from the Government apartments at the Arsenal, but was much annoyed by the petty interference of the librarian, M. Ameilhon, with her domestic comforts; she has, however, pretty well revenged herself by the following story she tells of his presentation at court, only it must be premised that the librarian had written a tedious History of the Lower Empire:

"One day he formed part of a deputation from the Institute, and presented himself to the Emperor for the first time, with the ardent hope of being remarked by him, and obtaining the honour of a few words *en passant*; he placed himself in a conspicuous station in the audience chamber; the Emperor at last seeing a face which he only imperfectly recollected, went up to him and said, 'Are you not M. Ancillon?'—'Yes, Sire,' Ameilhon. 'Ah! true, librarian of St. Genevieve.'—'Yes, Sire, of the Arsenal.'—'Oh, yes, the continuator of the History of the Ottoman Empire.'—'Yes, Sire, of the History of the Lower Empire.' At these words, the Emperor, annoyed at his own mistakes, turned his back upon him roughly; and M. Ameilhon, feeling nothing but the honour and joy of being for a few minutes near the Emperor, and the object of his attention, said emphatically to his neighbour: 'The Emperor is a wonderful man—he knows every thing.'"

Since we are on the subject of Napoleon, we shall conclude with our author's remarks upon his memorable return from Elba:

"I had prepared my mind for all the honours of a sanguinary re-action, but every thing remained quiet in Paris; every thing, in the peaceful and triumphant career that Napoleon had just made, announced magnanimous feelings and heroic actions. At these first moments, it was not easy to refrain from feeling some share of the universal enthusiasm that burst forth at Paris; particularly after having feared all the disasters that might have ensued after such a sudden and astonishing revolution. There is a sort of magical effect produced by daring and extraordinary enterprises; when they do not wound the feelings of humanity, they irresistibly command the admiration. The victories and conquests of the Emperor had not dazzled my imagination, because they had been obtained only at the price of torrents of blood; but all the circumstances that accompanied his return fascinated my mind, and I admired on this occasion both his great character and his splendid triumph."

FRASER'S JOURNEY TO KHORASAN, &c. &c. (Concluding Notice.)

The large portion of Tartary to which the following extracts relate, is hardly known at all to Europeans:

"The extensive tract of country recognised under the appellation of Transoxiana, or Mawar-al-nahr, and which comprehends the greater part of Oosbeck Tartary, is divided into several states, some of which are under the dominion of powerful and independent sovereigns, while others are possessed by chiefs, who are sometimes tributary to these sovereigns, and at others assert their own independence, according to their powers of resistance for the time being."

"In a country so fluctuating in its condition, it is no easy matter to ascertain even its nominal divisions, and still less so to describe the real situation of each; but as far as I have been able to ascertain, they lately amounted to seven, which are as follows:—

"The Kingdom of Bokhara, the ruler of which is Derakh. The Kingdom of Khoran, or Ferghana, the chief of which is Omar Khan. The District of Orenburg,

sh, which is under Mahmood Khan. The state or district of Sheher-e-Sabz, under Niaz Beg. The district of Hissar, under Seyid Beg. The district or town of Kobad, under Mirza Afra Beg. and the district of Goughan Tappah, under Far Beg.

Of these divisions, Bockhara is by far the most important, both in power and extent. The habitable part of this kingdom is small, in proportion to the desert, with which it is chiefly surrounded, and which may be considered in great measure as its boundary. It is divided in this manner from Khyrah or Khauzezm, on the west and north-west; vast tracts of desert, thinly sprinkled with the tents of the Toorkoman and Kamalpak tribes, stretch to the north and north-east, only interrupted by the Iaxartes or Sihoon; upon the east it is bounded by Kokaun, or Ferghana, and Hissar; and the Oxus or Amoo, with the mountains from which it flows, may be said to form its southern limit. Like all Asiatic states, however, its territories vary in extent with its power; and where natural lines are not very strongly marked, precise limits can hardly be fixed.

The king is about forty-five years of age, tall, handsome, of a fair and florid complexion, somewhat tinged with yellow, and having a full round beard; he wears an Oozbeck cap upon his head, with an Oozbeck turban wrapt around it, like an Arab maum; a short jacket on his body, and above it a jamah or robe; a knife at his waist, and Oozbeck boots on his feet. An account of the manner in which he disposes of his time, as given by a very intelligent and trustworthy native traveller, will serve better than any thing else to convey a just idea of this monarch's character, and the nature and spirit of his government.

Rising at midnight, the king employs himself for some time in repeating supererogatory prayers. After he has repeated the morning prayers, he reads and lectures to forty or fifty scholars, on the Tufseer, and traditions; after which he sits down on his two knees, upon a green velvet mismaid, and all the khans come separately before his majesty; and while passing the door, make their obeisance, and call out with a loud voice, 'Salaam Aleikoom.' Hence he with you: they then take place, sitting upon their legs, while the king's maids return the 'Aleikoom Salaam.' In the royal presence, the seyeds and oolmahs occupy the right, and the khans sit left, sitting on their legs. The hakim bey, who is opposite to the king in the assembly, does not sit. The king's peishkhdums (servants) stand on the left, close to his person. All the seyeds, oolmahs, and khans, who attend in the presence, have a dress uniform in fashion and colour; and every person introduced to his majesty for the first time, must put on the Oozbeck dress.

After the ceremonies of introductions are over, such as have complaints to prefer, and who repair every morning to the king's gate, are called upon by the chobedar to come forward, and place themselves on the ground at no great distance in front of his majesty, who makes the proper enquiries, and decides according to the Koran; some law books also lie upon the musnud, beside the king. At noon, five or six eminent expositors come before his majesty, and engage in literary controversy; the king joins with them in this exercise, and afterwards, as peish imaum, recites the noonday prayers, after which, those who come to be introduced, or complain, are admitted to the presence in the same manner as in the morning, until within an hour of sunset, when, after due enquiry, he decides the affairs of state, and of justice; he then acts as peish imaum, for the afternoon prayers, and recites what belongs to penitence and fasts, until even-

ing. After this, he breaks his fast by taking some sweetmeats and light food; he then recites the evening prayers, but it is not until a little after this, that he takes his chief meal, which is also very temperate. When about two hours of the night is gone, he acts once more as peish imaum, in reciting the prayers of bed-time; and then the Sek-rekhat prayers being said, between the period of bed-time and midnight he takes rest for the period of half a watch in his palace.

The king generally dispatches a number of causes before night; if any one draws out to great length, he sends it to the cauzee, who dare not act contrary to law, both from dread of the king's anger, and because all the people are so well acquainted with the laws, that they would certainly bring any illegal judgment before his majesty, who would discharge and punish the cauzee for injustice.

On Wednesday eve, the king stays in his mother's house; and on Wednesday morning, goes on foot to visit the tomb of Hazrat Khidjah Bebu-u-deen Naghsbad, about five miles east from the city; after repeating the fathieh (form of prayer), he distributes some alms, and then mounting on horseback, returns to the city.

There is a person, whose duty it is to inform the king whenever any person dies in the city, and his majesty, immediately mounting a horse, goes to the house, and after acting as imaum, in saying the funeral prayers, he returns home.

The king always reads the khoodbeh [a species of sermon] himself, acting as peish imaum at the grand mosque, under the walls. After the first prayers, all the royal servants leave the mosque, ranking themselves in two lines opposite to the town gate; the king then leaves the mosque with some khans and servants, preceded by chobedars; and he thus passes in royal pomp between the two lines, into the city, until he reaches the throne, when all the head men of the city and the suburbs repair to pay him their duty, and repeat 'Salaam Aleikoom,' after which they retire respectively to their homes; the number of khans belonging to the army, who thus present themselves every Friday, in general approaches, and sometimes exceeds a thousand.

The king, besides four wives, has some concubines.

The court is extremely splendid; and this saintly monarch perfectly absolute. The army is variously represented to amount to 30,000 and 100,000 soldiers. The population are a mixture of Oozbecks, Tanjicks, and Toorkomans of various tribes; but the Oozbecks are by far the majority. The capital is said to contain 120,000 houses, of two or three stories in height, and as many in the suburbs; and is certainly one of the most extensive and populous in all Asia.

The citadel stands upon an eminence on the north-eastern side of the town; it has sixteen guns and mortars, great and small, without carriages, lying on the ground; near it there is a large well-built mosque, where the king himself, on Fridays, reads the khutbeh, and acts as peish imaum. A market is held every day at noon, in a place before this mosque and citadel, called the Registan Bazar, in which place there is a gallows set up like a figure of clay, under which, murderers, highway robbers, and such as have robbed three times, are put to death by the king's orders, in conformity with the sentence of the cauzee, and there hang upon the gallows.

Bockhara keeps up a regular trade with Russia; and on other hands, with Persia, India, and the borders of China.

It would appear that the balance of trade is in favour of Bockhara, for the precious metals are so plentiful, that it is not found advantage-

ous to bring gold or silver there. Most strangers carry their money in the shape of goods.

The currency of Bockhara consists of tillas and tengehs, which are struck in the city with the name and titles of the king; the former is a gold coin, the latter is silver: the value of the tengeh is about sixpence, the tilla about ten shillings and sixpence. From what I could gather on the subject, provisions appeared to be very cheap.

In the southern district there is a mountain called Altoun Taugh, abounding in gold; which metal, being washed down along with the sands by the streams that issue from it during the rainy season, is collected by the classical method of placing sheepskins to entangle it along with the sand; it is then mixed with quicksilver, to extricate the metal by amalgamation; and it appears that they have learnt the art of driving off the mercury by heat, leaving the gold behind in a pure state. Silver is also found.

This part of the country would probably, however, afford a rich field to the antiquarian, for there are several sites of ancient cities scattered over it, among the ruins of which, gems, coins, medals, and various antique utensils and arms are to be found. One person who was himself a dealer in such articles, mentioned to me a city called Khojahwooban, which he described as having been overwhelmed by sand, under which extensive ruins lie buried; in this place after rain, people dig for such articles, and find a great many; particularly plate, and utensils of gold and silver, for all of which they find a ready market with the Russian merchants.

In the collection of one individual at Mushed, I saw upwards of a hundred small and large carved gems, both cameos and intaglios, all certainly of Grecian or Roman workmanship, and some of extraordinary beauty. Four or five guineas a piece were asked for as many oval stones, cornelian, garnet, and sardonyx, none of which exceeded five-eighths of an inch long; on one of them was cut a lion at full speed, on the others well-executed heads. Selim Beg, the person whose information I have quoted, offered not less than 7 or 800*l.* sterling for a sardonyx cameo, about an inch and a half long by an inch broad, bearing the head and shoulders of a queen, exquisitely cut; the crown, ornaments, and hair being formed of the reddish brown stratum of the stone. The owner, wonderful to say for a Persian, refused to part with this jewel on any consideration.

The famous city of Samarcand, about 150 miles east of Bockhara is now little better than a mass of ruins.

The kingdom of Kokaun, or Ferghana, lies to the east of Bockhara, from which it is separated by a mountain chain. In a district called Buduckshan are situated some of the richest mines of lapis lazuli, and of rubies; that are known; the former is found forming veins sometimes of considerable thickness in a grey matrix; and slices of this stone are occasionally procured, weighing several Tahrees mauns, and capable of being wrought into large slabs; the produce is brought to Bockhara for sale, whence it is carried partly to Persia, but in far greater quantities to Russia. The price at Bockhara is somewhat less than six tahrees for about five mauns weight; which, when carried to Russia, will sell there for three times its cost. The rubies are found in a white earth, and bedded in large masses of crystal, which, when broken, often produce fine stones. Some large and coarse crystals were shown to me in long pointed hexagons, or octagons, the crystallization of which ran in needle-like filaments,

Emeralds are also found here, as I was informed; but whether they are only green coloured crystals, or genuine stones, I cannot say, for no specimens were brought to me.

"The Mahometan states of Kashgar and Yarkand lie about six hundred miles nearly east of Kokan, several towns of more or less consequence intervene upon the way, and of these the city of Ush, seems to be the most important. The appearance of the country in general is more pleasing than that to the westward, being better watered, more finely diversified, more verdant, and better wooded than it, and differing equally from the gravelly and rocky soil of Persia, Khorsan, Balkh, and these more elevated tracts, as from the salt or sandy deserts of Khwarezm and Bokhara.

"The country that surrounds these cities is described as rich and fruitful, well watered, and very delightful; towns and villages abound, and cultivation is carried on upon a very extensive scale. The fruits of Yarkand are represented as being particularly well flavoured and delicious.

"In the bed of the river which flows past Yarkand are found pieces of the yesham (jasper or agate) stone, which is so highly valued, that all private persons are prohibited from gathering it; but after the floods of summer have subsided, the Chinese governor appoints people to search for it, and all that is found is appropriated by him."

These countries were once under the dominion of the Moghuls; afterwards of the Kalmucks; but in the time of a great pestilence the latter were destroyed or driven out by the natives, whose putting to death an ambassador from the Emperor of China, now about 60 years since, caused a war which terminated in their subjection to the Chinese. How nearly the events of the most distant parts of the world resemble each other! One might fancy they were reading of Guelph and Ghibelin, instead of Kalmuck and Chinese. The rule of the latter is described as wonderfully mild and just.

We here close our review of a work which has afforded us much valuable information, though in the first instance we could not help complaining of that minuteness of detail which rendered portions of it tedious. We are altogether well pleased with it, and look for still more of eventual occurrence in the second volume.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Spirit of British Song. M^r Thun, Glasgow. This selection in this first Number promises fairly to yield us a good Song Book in a convenient size and at a cheap rate. The authorship of one or two of these lyrics, heretofore not generally known, is assigned in notes; and there are several other memoranda suitable to such a work.

The Innocents; a Sacred Drama. Ocean; and the *Earthquake at Aleppo: Poems.* 12mo. pp. 63. Bath. S. Simms.

MILMAN is the model upon whom the present aspirant seems to have founded his style; and though liable to the tediousness too common to sacred poetry, when it assumes a dramatic form, there is both merit and promise in this effort. A speech of Adah, one of the characters in the *Innocents*, when invited to repose in the house, affords a fair example of the composition:

But the sweetest gases, which wail from skies so warm,
Breathe on my cheek like spirits of the air
Gliding to earth upon the floods of light
Which bathe the west; the fair emerging stars
Walk in their brightness through the rose plains
Of ether; from the blooming gardens round
And whispering groves, as if a cooling balm
Their silken cups half closed, reclining hang
The flowers, thick loaded with their pearly weight,
I can could weep with gladness, overpowered

With Nature's loveliness. But what are blooms
Or dew, or groves, or e'en the diamond lamps
Of the blue heaven, compared with Him whose hand
Has framed their beauties; that omnipotent hand
Now shrined in infancy—the daisy snow
Not softer or more fragile? Ever reign
Victor in weakness! Go in man adored!"

There is something ludicrous imparted to this drama, by the thoughtless mode of naming the characters; as for instance, "Enter an old Bethlehemite," which, though perfectly proper, discomposes the reader with the fancy of a madman's coming in. Such associations of ideas ought to be cautiously avoided; they have ruined plays upon the stage, and are equally adapted to spoil their effect in the closet.

Realities, not a Novel: a Tale from Real Life. 4 vols. London 1825. Newman & Co.

In one of those moments when a dogged occupation renders the will restive and produces an inclination to aberrate from the strict routine of duty, our eye was arrested and our curiosity as quickly excited by the monosyllabic negation in the above title. A hasty prediction, which we did not care to check, let us upon perusal; and by occasionally exchanging the wearisome realities of grave studies for the (we had almost said) graver *Realities* of the Leadenhall press, our labours have at least been diversified if they have not been lightened.

"Realities" comprise the history of a family respectable in circumstances though not affluent, one of whose members, a female, makes the prominent figure of the whole story, or rather series of stories, the essentials and adjuncts of which are artlessly yet feebly threaded, and altogether pourtray a very natural picture of human life, its various aspects, changes and chances, in prosperity and in adversity. The numerous scenes displayed and the great variety of characters brought forward have severally such marked evidence of truth and nature about them, as never for a moment to create a doubt in the reader as to their reality; indeed many of the latter are so exquisitely drawn and highly wrought as to command unqualified admiration. Imbued with strong religious feelings, the mind of the writer imparts a somewhat sombre but by no means an unfavourable tint to the narration; and though we think a few of the darker might advantageously have given place to lighter parts, this as well as every other defect is more than counterbalanced by the tendency of the whole, which is not merely unexceptionable, but such as to beget correct feeling and to confirm all that is virtuous, generous, and praiseworthy in the human heart.

A work like this, combining so much that is excellent, which may be read by the young with profit and by the mature with pleasure, should before its commitment to the press have been freed from certain redundancies and repetitions—from here and there a careless phraseology ["it would be saying too much to say"]—"she knew what she had married"—] and from the adoption of such insufferably offensive words as "loveable," "quism," &c. In a new edition these imperfections will, we hope, be rectified, since our persuasion is that "*Realities*" is not of evanescent existence, but will be read beyond the present generation.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—The publication of Milton's posthumous work, "*De Doctrina Christiana*," and the *Diary of Mr. Pepys*, and the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare, with extracts from all of which the readers of the *Literary Gazette* have been again and again delighted, seem to mark the present as an age of literary discovery. A *TRIA*
If we may compare small things with great, I flatter myself I shall be able to enrich one, at least, of your interesting *Gazettes* with a little *Alce*, which, to readers of a certain class, may be deemed of equal importance

with the splendid volumes above alluded to. What I have to offer, Sir, for your inspection and approbation, is nothing less than a continuation and conclusion of that inimitable poem, the *Alce* to *Godwyn*, a poem which has been universally admired by every reader possessed of poetical taste, thousands of whom, like myself, and I trust I may add you, Mr. Editor, have regretted its abrupt termination as a fragment. How I became possessed of such a literary treasure, or why I have kept it long in my possession without calling in the public to participate, are circumstances unnecessary to be at present explained; suffice it to say, I pledge myself that the continuation and conclusion which I am about to offer are entitled to the same equivocal kind of credit as every other document which has issued, or which has been said to have issued, from the chest in the beautiful church of St. Mary Hadcliffe, at Bris. They shall be universally admitted either as the hasty and astonishing production of an unlearned and beardless school-boy of the 18th, or the more deliberate and studied effusion of a revered and well educated Divine of the 19th century.

The late Mr. Bowtell truly asserted, that there are yet some struggling believers in the antiquity and authenticity of the poems attributed to *Thos. Rowley*. We are told by another, a more elegant and more successful writer, in the late new series of the *Curiousities of Literature*, that the whole of the story does not appear to have been yet told. It would be no easy matter to prove the correctness of those assertions. Should I be urged, on the present occasion, to give a more particular account of my discovery, previous to its admission into the *Literary Gazette*, I would say to a complete classical scholar like you, Mr. Editor, that the discovery was made exactly in the same way as many of the learned critics and commentators discovered and brought into a single point of view one of the finest monuments of heathen worship, and the noblest specimen of lyric poetry anywhere to be found, in the *Carmen Seculare* of *Hornes*.
I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,
JOHN SHAWEN, M.D.

Enfield, August 1825.

CHORUS TO GODDWIN.

To which the *Continuation and Conclusion* are now first added.

When Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steined veste,
To everie Knyghte her warre-songe sang,
Uponne her hedde wyldde vedes were sprede;
A gorie anlace bye her longe.

She danced onne the heathe;
She heard the voice of Deathe;
Pale-cyned aftryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne asayed her bosomme to acale;
She heard the onfemed the shreikynge voice of woe,
And saddeesse ynne the owlette shake the dale,
She shooke the burled spere,
On hie she joste her sheelde,
Her foomen all appere,
And fizzle alonge the feedle.

Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,
Hys speere a some-beame, and his sheelde a starre;

Alyche twaie brendeynge grounfyres rolls hys eyes,
Chafes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.

She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryces from the shooke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.

Harde as the thunder dothe sua drive ytte on,
Wyte scillye wymped gies ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longe sharpe speere, his spreddynge sheelde ys gon,

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousande down.
War, goare faced war, bie envie burid, arist,
Hys ferie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyate—

Continuation and Conclusion.
Distraughte affraie, wythe lookes of blodde-red die,

Terroure, emburied yn the thionders rage,
Deathe, lynked to Dismale, dothe usgomme fie,
Euchafynge echone championne wote to wage,
Speeres beyle speeres, swerdes upon swerdes engage;

Armoure on armoure dynn, shilde upon shilde;

Ne dethe of thousande can the warre assuage,
Botte fallenynge numbers sabel alle the feedle.

Whan batayle, smethynge wythe new-quick-
cunnid gawe,
Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie-drop-
pyng heilde,

Dydd merke woode of Ethe and rest ex-
plore,

Seckynge to lie on pleasures downie bedde,
Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,

Wreathedd wythe floures of Aigintine,
Fromm hys vysage washedd the bloude,

Hylte hys swerde and gaberdynne.

Wythe syke an eyne shee swotelie hymm dydd
view,

Dydd soe yowernn everrie shape to joie,
Hys spyghe dydd chaunge untoe anodder hue,

Hys armes, he spoyle, mote anie thoughts em-
plaie.

All delghtsomme and contente,
Fyre enshottynge fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys armes hee dydd herr hente
Lychie the merk-plantie doe entwynne.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne;
On knowlache ynn whatt place herr to fynde,

Thys rule sypende, and ynn the mynde retayne;
Secke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasance lies be-
hynde,

I will trespass no farther on your valuable pages than
merely to observe, that the words *Distraught affray*, in the
30th line, have been rendered by the supposed author,
"distracting affright." But they clearly mean
"distracted battle." He has been equally at fault in the
next line. "*Terror emboldened*," which he has rendered
"*Terror armed*," literally mean "*Terror magnified*"
in the thunders rage.

There are several other expressions, such as *feete in*
the 12th, *heuple in* the 34th, *Witte smylle* *wympled in*
the 24th, with the *merk plantie* in the 33d lines, which
have been equally ill understood by him whom the learned
and the critical world have considered as the author.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, September 15.

The recognition of St. Domingo, alias Haiti, as an independent power, by France, has created a considerable sensation here, not only in the political circles, but in the drawing-rooms. As an independent power, Haiti will of course send an ambassador to France. This personage in the diplomatic corps will be a *rara avis* in terra. What a pretty figure will the Duke and Duchesse de Lemonade and their suite, male and female, make at the court of France! Suppose, for instance, it fell to the lot of the Count de Noé, Peer of France and gentleman of the chamber to the king, and whose family possessed immense property in St. Domingo, to go in one of his Majesty's carriages to conduct one of his own negro slaves, as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary, to deliver letters of credence to his royal master! And what giggling there would be to see his Excellency open the ball with the Duchess de Berri! How Bishop Gregoire will chuckle for joy at seeing a "brother black" in the post of honour! Internarrings will of course take place to cement the union of the two powers; for if sable beauties with well lined purses grace the court, plenty of Frenchmen of rank will be found to make them baronesses, countesses, and duchesses, according to their maxim in marrying the English women—"I give her rank, and she brings me money;" for, be it known to all men and all women, that no Frenchman will marry an Englishwoman unless she has a fortune to support them both. This makes many English mothers in Paris, who have more daughters than thousands to give them, rejoice in the idea of steam-packets to India, as it opens a new market for their commodities, which here hang a drug—here smirks and smiles, and leers and ogles, are all in vain, while time passes on rapidly and

beauty with it. India, India is the market for this sort of wares, as there, like horses at Smithfield, they are taken without a warranty.

The popular question is, the contagion or non-contagion of the plague and yellow fever: several medical men have offered to undergo the experiments to prove non-contagion, but that proves nothing, for they know full well there is no danger in making an offer that will not be accepted, and therefore the offer itself can be considered little more than the vanity of seeing their names strut their little hour on the stage; and sink again to their primitive obscurity. M. Moreau de Tonnes, one of the most zealous and well-intentioned, if not the most learned members of the Institute, has taken up the question seriously, and victoriously proved (what indeed needed no proof) by the citation of facts and authorities in America, Europe, Asia, and Africa, the contagious nature of these disorders. He quotes the fatalists *par excellence*, the Turks themselves, who, believing from the Koran that what will be will, exclaimed God is great, and suffered the flames and the plague to commit their ravages without opposing either precaution or resistance. The Turks are now told, that it is not a sin to endeavour to preserve themselves from the propagation of the plague. Ali Pacha, the Pacha of Egypt, the Bey of Tunis, the King of Persia, all have, by their precautions, proved the well-known contagion of the plague. The example of Persia is remarkable. Teheran, the seat of the court, used to pay its tribute to this frightful calamity in common with Bagdad and Bassora, all of which frequently lost one-fourth of their whole population by it. The present King of Persia strictly forbids all communication between the infected towns and Teheran, and consequently Teheran has uniformly escaped. He concludes in citing the example of England, which, not content with establishing lazarettos and quarantines, even endeavoured to prevent a vessel which has the plague on board from approaching the British shores, and orders that, if she be south of Cape St. Vincent when it is discovered, she shall go to perform quarantine in some port of the Mediterranean; from all which he deduces that THE PLAGUE AND YELLOW FEVER ARE CONTAGIOUS.

Paris a Sea Port.—The wisacre's plan of going from Calais to Dover by land having been scouted by Government, or at least adjourned until the London experiment under the Thames be tried, another has hatched the noble idea of making Paris a seaport, or, in other words, making a ship canal from Dieppe to Paris. We would recommend the author first to try his hand at the canal from St. Denis to Paris, a short distance of about four or five miles. They have been about it and about it and about it these seven years, and yet it will not hold water! We recollect the late Mr. Brindley was in a similar predicament; and not being able to overcome the difficulty, went to bed, where he lay for three weeks without uttering a sentence in answer to the foreman, who came daily to inquire what was to be done, save "piddle and damb." After keeping his bed three weeks, he conceived the remedy, and up he rose, and the plan succeeded to his wishes. His secret has evidently not crossed the channel, for all the ingenuity of the French engineers has not yet enabled them to make this imp of a canal hold water.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Wire Bridges.—The iron-wire bridge, from the Champ Elysees to the esplanade of the Invalids, makes rapid progress. It will rank amongst the curiosities of Paris; but its utility is very ques-

tionable. It is about 200 yards from the Pont Louis XVI., and who will not prefer going two hundred yards on plain ground, to climbing up forty or fifty steps to go swinging over the Seine, and then have to descend as many? As an object of art it is faulty, as the two pillars mask the Hotel of the Invalids from the Champs Elysees.

An iron-wire bridge has been constructed at Annonay, between Tain and Tournon: it was opened on the 25th of August. A few days previous, experiments were made to ascertain its solidity. The maximum applied was 58,000 kilogrammes, (about 58 tons English,) which only occasioned a slight inflexion in the curve, which instantly resumed its primitive form. Two wagons loaded with stones, going over at the same time, seemed to make no change in the curve. The ceremony concluded by driving a diligence over it, drawn by seven horses and going at a brisk rate. The bridge has been completed in fifteen months, and cost 8000*l.*—*Paris Letter.*

Silk Weaving.—A M. Lébrun, of Lyons, has invented a machine by which one man can weave five pieces of silk at the same time; the shuttles are thrown by a car, or, as they call it, *chariot*. It has been examined and approved by M. Jacquard, inventor of the machines in use. The saving of labour will be about four hundred per cent. i.e. what cost before four shillings weaving can now be done for one shilling. The Academy of Lyons intend to bestow on the author the gold medal for his valuable invention.—*Ibid.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Review of the Progress of different Nations, during the last five and twenty years, by M. Sismondi.

(Continued from our last.)

AFTER having endeavoured to show the object of the struggle in which the human race have been engaged for the last quarter of a century, let us endeavour to appreciate the results. Undoubtedly that period has abounded with great disasters and cruel catastrophes; yet there is reason for congratulation on some of the advances which have been made in it.

France first presents itself to the reflecting mind; for by France the impulse was given to other nations. France has dearly paid her inexperienced. Alternately conquering and conquered, she has seen the most opposite doctrines professed in her name; and has been compelled to render obedience to the regimes which the extremes of all parties have imposed upon her. No doubt she may justly express regrets; no doubt she may justly entertain fears; no doubt she may justly complain of the great retrogressions which she has recently made; but if she revert to her condition five and twenty years ago, she will acknowledge that during the last quarter of a century she has gained more than she has lost. The ideas of order and justice have been developed and confirmed; political knowledge has been universally diffused; and the two parties have, generally speaking, divested themselves of their prejudices. It is true that the cause of morals has suffered by the progress of hypocrisy and venality; that of intelligence by the hostility displayed towards the best modes of instruction; and that of liberty by invasions which it would be useless here to recapitulate. Corrupt efforts have during this period been directed (as they always are directed) to debase the feelings, to dull the intellect, to control the free-will; but the French have derived more from the progress of prosperity than they have been deprived of by the abuse of power. The advancement of all kinds of industry, the universal welfare, the national wealth, have elevated the national character; for never can the inhabitants of a state feel their independence and their moral dignity unless

* Since writing the above we find that the Haitian envoy is actually arrived at Havre. The official suite consists of two mulattoes and a negro; the latter is aide-de-camp to Boyer.

they are above want. An ease, hitherto unexperienced, has given to every class a greater thirst for information, and more leisure to acquire it. In compensation for a portion of her lost rights, France is in possession of the liberty of the press. This liberty secures the dominion of noble sentiments, and consequently is the most powerful agent in the improvement of the human species. Thus, notwithstanding all her disasters, France is in a progressive state. She marches gloriously forward.

Germany has been scarcely less disturbed than France. The theatre of war during the greater part of the last quarter of a century, she has seen all her institutions subverted. All her sovereignties have been changed, either in title, laws, or extent; and if the term *legitimate* is confined to the state of things which existed anterior to the violent convulsions of the last five and twenty years, she has preserved nothing legitimate. But France has produced her own revolutions; Germany has yielded to those of others. Instead of advancing, therefore, she has retrograded. At the commencement of the present century, every state was endeavouring to correct its institutions; to imbue them with a little more liberty, a little more security. Every government was anxious to deserve that love of its subjects, which, in a common danger, constitutes its sole force. The people, confiding in their princes, and receiving their confidence in return, were advancing in concert with them, slowly but surely. Extraordinary activity pervaded the universities. It was by the acquisition of science, by the development of intelligence, that the German nation was desirous to establish its dignity. The greatest latitude was allowed in the means of instruction. Still more, the universities were a political power; it was they who, having enlightened and directed the public opinion, assumed the duty of declaring it. The press (except on questions directly political) was almost absolutely free; and the spirit of association which existed in Germany, and which the sovereigns of that country had greatly encouraged, gave to the opinions of the philosophical an immediate operation over those of the mass of the people. All is now changed; fear has been substituted for affection, as the principle of obedience; morals have been attacked by the encouragement given to spies and informers; and still more by the great and public examples of breach of faith, which have proved beneficial to the violators. The spring of study has been broken; the universities have been fettered; the press is enslaved; the associations have been punished as crimes against the state; the ancient constitution, irregular certainly, and often barbarous and requiring reform, has been suppressed without any substitute. Nevertheless, that constitution set bounds to absolute power; accustomed sovereigns to talk of liberty; guaranteed the rights of the electors, the princes, the prelates, the nobility, and the free towns. Henceforth there will be no rights to guarantee. Germany has ceased to contain a nation. Nothing is there seen but princes more or less feeble or potent; more or less trembling on their thrones, from the fear either of their subjects or of their neighbours. The ancient country of war and politics, weighs no longer in the balance of Europe.

Italy has been more unfortunate than Germany. In the course of these five and twenty years, Italy was justified in conceiving the most noble expectations. Emerged from the torpor and from the effeminate corruption in which she had forgotten her slavery, it was by the acquisition of military character and patriotism, that she raised herself to the possession of other virtues; it was by entering on the science of

government that she became sensible of the value of study, and gave an impulse to the intelligence with which her people are so eminently gifted. In the midst of this period, her regime was changed, but she did not lose her hopes; for in order to obtain the co-operation of the people, it had been solemnly promised to them that they should partake of the progress of the age. That promise having been forgotten, two revolutions spread to the extremities of Italy. In the midst, however, of these popular convulsions (always terrible) amelioration of the Italian character was perceptible. Their revolutions were accomplished without any effusion of blood, without pillage, without insult, without violence. In both, the presumptive heir of the throne put himself at the head of the reformers; and if this double experience ought for ever to dissuade nations from royal revolutions, it also proves that the Italians know how to unite gratitude for the past with hope for the future. In the struggle in which Italy afterwards engaged with foreigners, the retrograde system prevailed. Italy was severely punished for her wishes and her exertions. Her proscribed citizens have fled into all the countries of Europe. They were men remarkable for their intelligence, for their virtue, for the sacrifices which they had made to the happiness of their countrymen; they were noblemen who had devoted their fortune and their talents to the introduction of foreign manufactures, to the establishment of schools, to the publication of scientific journals. Military commissions, and, more dreadful still, commissions of police, have destroyed all legal protection, and have spread terror over all classes of the people. Morals have been attacked by the example of contempt of oaths, by the encouragement given to informations, and to domestic treachery, and by the disposition, which has been excited to forget public evils in dissipation and vice; intelligence has been attacked by the suppression of all means of instruction, by the suspension of lectures in the universities, by the proscription of foreign books, by the mutilation of those which are published in the country; the liberal sciences and the liberal arts have been likewise exposed to the animosity which has assailed liberal sentiments. Nevertheless, we think, that in the midst of these frightful disasters, Italy is in a progressive state. Institutions have been corrupted, but reason has been enlightened. Power is desirous that the people should go back, but they advance. There is more misfortune, there is more oppression, but there is more virtue, information, and patriotism in Italy, in 1825, than there was in 1800.

The fate of Spain is much more dreadful. This proudest of nations had become intoxicated with the applause of Europe for its resistance to Napoleon. Beyond the Pyrenees, fanaticism united with the love of liberty in defence of the country. In the rest of Europe the passions of the two systems, progressive and retrograde, celebrated in concert the success which the Spaniards owed more to their climate and their poverty, than to their talents and courage. All the passions were excited in the Peninsula; but they obeyed two opposite impulses. Spain could neither repose under its ancient barbarism, under the reign of every abuse, and steeped in every ignominy, nor could it advance so completely were the different classes of the people disunited. Nevertheless she tried a revolution. It was sullied by no crime; but it was distinguished by no great national exhibition of talent or capacity. That class alone, which had already advanced, wished to advance further; the great mass, which had been kept for

ages in a state of ferocity, ignorance, and dependence, repelled with stupid horror the progress of morals, intelligence, and freedom. The populace never comprehend the advantage that results from the enjoyment of these benefits; and, therefore, those who engage in a revolution, ought, above all things, to secure them; but in Spain they had not retained the means to do so. Confounding the equilibrium by which institutions are maintained, with the power which founds them, they had annihilated the government which they did not dare seize; they had enchained the prince without reserving any mode of satisfying the people. As soon as they were attacked they were vanquished, because they were not backed by the nation; and that populace which they were ignorant how to gain, now lords it over them. Let us not deceive ourselves. Spain has at the present moment arrived at that period of the French revolution which we must ever regard with horror; at the reign of all that is most abject and ferocious in the nation; but she has arrived at it by a route opposite to that which the French pursued. The tyranny of the lowest class is the result of a counter-revolution, effected by the King's ministers, under the pretext, and doubtless with the intention of serving the royal cause. They talk of a furious *camarilla*; it has only the fury of baseness. The understrappers of the court, sensible of their own nothingness, sought every where for strength. They could find none but in the stupid fury of the populace. On the populace they were willing to rely for support; the populace they flattered; they boasted of partaking of the passions of the populace; but it is doing the *camarilla* too much honour to call it impassioned; it is what it has always been, intriguing, and abjectly submissive to the power of the day; and that power it well knows inhabits no longer the palace, but is in the market-places.

The triumph of the advocates of retrogression in Spain, has, however, been so complete, that they are alarmed at it themselves. All that was formerly held in respect has been degraded. Religion has suffered a dishonour from which it had hitherto been saved; it is considered as an auxiliary of the police, and the depositories of the secrets of confession are required to communicate to government the secret thoughts of their penitents. It is strange that the Court of Rome has not protested against this sacrilegious ordinance; for never was there a more fatal blow aimed at its power. Terror is prevalent in Spain; proscriptions are every where demanded, instead of judgments; and the government only repeats the language of ferocious and factious chiefs.

But whatever regret we may feel at the fate of these three illustrious nations, let us not on that account despair of human nature; let us not despair even of those nations themselves. Human nature is advancing, while those nations recede; it will continue to advance, and will at length draw them into its train.

The example of England alone would be sufficient to re-animate our hopes; of England, who has so nobly placed herself at the head of the progressive movement of the human mind; of England, who teaches us how the advance of freedom, morals, and information may be united with all the established institutions, with all the most deeply-rooted habits of subordination. Let us not listen to those morose beings, who, amidst a thousand brilliant qualities, can perceive nothing but faults; let us not listen to those, who, mistaking their jealousy for patriotism, think to elevate France by depreciating her rival. Little indeed have we profited by the events which we have witnessed, if we have not learnt that nations have ceased to be rivals; that, having but

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England ed this les attaching so many a themselves to the ab For a long the enem therefore Waterloo hands of tle, the E the morn payers. cabinet to occasion advice.

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one sole interest, one sole struggle, namely, with those who would compel them to retrograde, the progress of their neighbours is the commencement of their own triumph.

England, on her part, has but tardily acquired this lesson of the present age. Her cabinet, attaching itself to the ancient policy, from which so many statesmen find it difficult to withdraw themselves, endangered the country by listening to the absurd and immoral maxims of rivalry. For a long time it acted on the persuasion that the enemies of the enemies of England were therefore the friends of England; and hence at Waterloo the reins of Europe escaped from the hands of England. The evening before that battle, the English were the chiefs of the coalition; the morning after that battle, they were only its payers. Allies of twenty years gave the British cabinet to understand, that, having no further occasion for its aid, they no longer cared for its advice.

It was then, it was under the burden of an enormous debt, contracted much more for others than for herself, it was in the midst of a commercial revolution which menaced the destruction of her wealth, that England exhibited the resources possessed by a nation which had never ceased simultaneously to cherish knowledge, liberty, and virtue. The sceptre of Europe, which she thought she held, crumbling in her grasp, she seized in lieu of it the torch, with which she is now enlightening the rest of the universe. Asia, Africa, and America, are partakers of the general civilization, and it is to England that they owe the blessing.

We may observe in England excessive inequalities of rank and fortune, corruption of elections, the unceasing influence of ministers, the enormous expense of law-suits, which in a manner interdicts the poor from obtaining justice; but never let it be said that England has lost her liberty. We are far from denying the existence of abuses; we are far from desiring the postponement of their correction; the reforms which have already taken place make others still more necessary; they render still more striking the contrast between the ruins of ancient barbarism, and the structures of an age of intelligence. But, such as she is, England holds the first rank among nations, by her union of freedom, knowledge and virtue, by her long enjoyment of those benefits, by the progress in all three which she has never ceased to make, by that empire of public opinion which every day becomes more powerful, by that attention to national education which is every day calling upon more numerous classes of the people to instruct themselves in the interests of their country, to form, with respect to those interests, wishes conformable to reason and virtue, and frankly to manifest their wishes. Not only is England freer than she was five and twenty years ago; but she comprehends liberty better, she is desirous to make a wiser use of it, she is in a condition which renders her capable of its continual increase.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FINE ARTS.

Etchings from the works of Richard Wilson, with some Memoirs of his Life, &c. By Thomas Hastings, Collector of His Majesty's Customs. London 1825. Hurst, Robinson, & Co.

The pictures from which these Etchings are taken, are in the possession of Lady Ford, whose collection of this artist's works is perhaps the largest and best. The admirers of Wilson (the head and father of English landscape) will receive a high gratification in the work before us, from the *gen. sp.* character of its execution. The style of these Etchings resembles

that of Werotter or Waterloo; a style well known to the artist and the amateur, in which freedom and effect are happily combined, and which in some instances is calculated to please beyond more laboured and finished performances. For ourselves, we are free to confess no very great liking for such hasty delineations; they partake, we opine, too much of the caricature; and while it may be they convey a strong resemblance, are apt to lower the tone of feeling which the celebrity of the artist or the author may have inspired. Upon the whole, however, Mr. Hastings has done himself great credit in the performance of his task, and has also rendered a service to the Fine Arts, by bringing together so large a portion of our favourite artist's pictures. The performance is such as to recommend itself to the attention of the public, as we are sure it also will to the promoters of British talent, and to the admirers of the British School of landscape painting.

The literary portion of the work under notice has nothing in it very original or striking, but is suited to the examples brought into view.

The plates are forty in number, accompanied by a sketchy portrait of Wilson, done from a drawing after the life by Sir George Beaumont.

Liverpool.—A panoramic view of this wonderful mart, second only to the metropolis, is, we hear, in the hands of clever artists, and will forthwith make its appearance.

PARISIAN SCULPTURE.

Royal School of the Fine Arts.—The candidates for the grand prize of sculpture have exhibited their performances as usual, preparatory to the decision of the Academy, which thus acquires a previous knowledge of public opinion. The subject this year is Prometheus devoured by the vulture. Not one of the candidates appear to us to have merited the prize, not one seems to have attained the beau-ideal of agony mingled with indignation—the body writhing under torture, and the mind, superior to suffering, essaying to break the chains and set at defiance the decree of angry Jove. There is a Christian patience in the countenances of most of their figures, which indicates martyrs bowing submissively to the will of Providence; and certainly this was not the idea of the author of the fable.

It is astonishing that sculpture in France, which possesses so many models of exquisite taste, should retrograde. Colossal properties are mistaken for sublimity: every thing is extravagant. A French sculptor is like a man who engages to write a tragedy and produces only a *melo-drama*.

Paris Letter.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LAMENT.

I lay my hand upon the hand so often press'd in mine,
I lay my lip upon the once warm ruby lip of thine;
I lay my cheek upon the cheek that blush'd so at my praise,
I lay my breast unto the breast my slightest word could raise—
Mine eye looks on the eye that spoke in love's own thrilling tone,
My soul seeks for the soul that was, that was its kindred
But all in vain!—that soul is dead—thou'rt dead—a thing
of clay,
Without emotion, wit or sense!—and yet 'tis but a day
Since thou wert fondled in my arms, and I felt thy warm embrace,
And a soul beam'd brightly on me in each feature's glow,
And thy fervid breath was burning on this distracted brow,
(Oh, would that it were cold as is thy cold cold bosom
And the blush was on thy cheek, for the kiss my fondness gave,
And love convuls'd thy bosom like the sinking of the And
And thine eye shone moistly on me, half in sorrow half in joy,
As if thou wouldst hold me fast—and yet felt death must destroy
My happiness, my every hope, and leave me as I'm left,
Of love—of Thee—of all in life (save the power to die)
bereft!

R.S.

IPSARA.

The Moslems gathered firm and fast around the lonely tower,
Where sheltered all the slight remains of fall'n Ipsara's power;
And the Crescent stream'd full proudly in the dark and lurid sky,
And the scimitars were waving to the shouts of Victory!
The roar of the artillery in murmurs died away, [Army,
No shot flash'd from the Christian wall on the Infidel
Nor clarion from the battlement pealed forth its note of doom;
But Silence brooded deeply there—the stillness of the Oh, there were in that leagured tower the gallant and the brave—
The wanderers o'er the stormy sea—the children of the The freemen who ne'er shunned the fight on battle-field or flood,
Tho' now they leaned in weariness on swords all bathed And beauty's brightest gems were there—but woman's cheek was pale,
For groans of mortal agony were borne upon the sale— Yet wilder agony was there in the convulsive swell With which the hearts of loved ones sigh'd their passionate farewell!
No tear-drop dimm'd the glorious flame that lit the Patriot's eye;
Or if one sparkled transiently, 'twas like a tear of joy! But every cheek was blooming with a proud exulting smile,
Like the radiance with which sun-set gilds their own There was no sound of wailing heard, but hand was clasped in hand,
Till at footsteps of the Infidels, the Chieftain wail'd his Then burst the death-shout of the Free—tho' the mid Heaven it rung,
And far upon the ocean waves its thrilling echoes flung! The foe was at the portals—then blazed the funeral pyre— Then rose the spirits of the brave in one fierce flame of fire—
Avengers of their own loved land, at their expiring breath, They swept away the foeman's strength in one wild blast of death!

Souls of the illustrious dead!—Spirits of the free!— Blessed be the light which decks your fadeless memory! Eternal as your native rocks your sacred fame shall bloom, And the brightest flowers of liberty be scattered on your tomb!

Norwood.

I. R.

THE DIRGE OF MARR.

Is there no fitter minstrel of the hall,
No plauded seer, nor poet seneschal,
To wail his lord in wonted numbers, now,
From Dee's* dusk woods, or Snow don's, as caused brow?
Erskines! I seize your long-forgotten lyre,
Touch its mute chords, and wake its dormant fire,
That hill, and grove, and flood, and vocal plain
May conscious echo to the solemn strain.
Lo! fair Edina on her mountain-throne
Her tartan rends, and heaves the patriot groan;
In plumed pomp slow glides the sable bier,
And marshalled clansmen shed the parting tear.
Now reffluent Forth uphears the silent throng,
And the poised bark moves mournfully along.
O Stirling, hurl the thunder from thy rock
Till startled Ochel trembles with the shock;
Yea, let the lightnings flash, and cannon roar,
To the sad measure of the burdened oar;
For Allan greets with loud funeral knell
The hoary Chief she loved in life so well.

While hundreds crowd the strand to bear the pall
To Allan's rifted Tow'r and desert Hall,
A pilgrim bard, I trace her scutcheon'd tree
Wide spread in patriarchal dignity. [soil;
Deep strike its roots through Scotland's richest
And its fell veins with regal currents boil;
Proud tow'rs in native strength the stately stem,
And on each branch depends a diadem.
When bristled every hill with hostile blade,
Swooped the fierce bird of conquest from its shade, [plain,
And, when the Monarch's standard ruled the
Triumphant nestled on those boughs again.

* Marr forest, in which rises the river Dee.
† The original appellation of Stirling rock, of whose castle the Earls of Marr were (under the Stuarts) hereditary governors.

Of *Hyacinth Science*, too, has issued thence
And matchless Wit, and honied Eloquence.
Yet scathed, awhile, it withered.—Now anew
Bursts its fresh foliage budding to the view,
And long may flourish that primæval tree
Whose Virtue bloomed its true Nobility.

Illustrious Thane! though o'er thy op'ning
grave,

In feudal grandeur, trophied banners wave;
Though high ancestral glories kindle, met
In jewelled blaze of princely coronet;
Far loftier meed, and purer lustre thine,
Than all the honours of thy ancient line.

I joy that I have seen thy smile dispense
The soul's meek grace and mild benevolence.
Ah! many a sigh, from many a grateful heart,
That owns thy goodness, while it grieves to
part,

Shall follow thee from poverty's seared breast,
To the bright regions of eternal rest.

Day wanes:—dun twilight glimmers on the
shore;

Hush'd is each voice—the pageantry is o'er;
With dismal dash, Forth's booming billows
roll,

And Ocean-caves resound the bell's dull toll;
While my rapt harp, to yon benignant star,
Still rings its wild notes o'er thee, Noble
MAN!

T. A. H.

August 29.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY MY GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.

No. iv.

"I wonder where all these tales were collected?" said Matilda, as soon as my aunt's silence announced the privilege of discussion. "It was suspected in the village," replied my mother, with a shrewd look, "that they were partly collected, and partly written by my poor father; and it is not altogether impossible that he amused some of his leisure hours in the composition of these little sketches." As my mother spoke, John entered with the supper-tray, and reading was discontinued for the night. On the following evening we recommenced with

Distant Relations.

"Pon my honour!" said the Honourable Burlington Sydney, placing his right hand on the spot where his heart ought to have been—

"Fie! Burlington, cannot you give us a more characteristic asseveration?" asked Lady Frances Flourish, fixing her large grey eyes on him with a most fashionable stare.

"Nay, then, on my elegance, if your Ladyship so wills it," said the Exquisite, as he sauntered up the apartment, and looked into one of the splendid mirrors with a languid yawn of self-satisfied admiration.

At this moment the footman announced my entrance, and a second yawn, more heartfelt, and consequently more decided, welcomed me. Lady Frances was bending *à silk* purse, or rather affecting to do so—the "Crusaders" were on the table, and the leaves were divided at page 3, by a gold pencil-case, to denote where her morning studies had terminated. The dowager, her mother, was reading "The Art of Beauty," while her daughter was practicing its wiles. They were a goodly group, but by no means a singular one.

Now, in the house where I sketched this picture, I am one of those care-nothing animals denominated "distant relations"—an old bachelor, moreover, with more hundreds than heirs, and, consequently, I am allowed to say rude things which are not resented, and to do rude things which are unnoticed: "Oh, that's just

like my cousin!" from the fair lips of Lady Frances, or the faded ones of her Right Honourable mother, always exonerates me. Now, as I grievously dislike this said Burlington Sydney, whom I have brought on the scene, and, as my young cousin is about to add him to the number of my "distant relations," there are moments when I included him in my little *bons queries*, and so it chanced this day.

"No, but 'pon my soul!" recommenced the lover, resuming the conversation which my entrance had interrupted, "your Ladyship is horrifically hard upon me. If mine was not the finest hunter in the Park, may I be *spilt* the next time I mount him."

"Such an event would create little surprise," said I, drily, "the scum always runs off first."

"Ah, that's just like my cousin!" half-smiled, half-pouted the bride-elect.

"Why you know he stumbled, Burlington," said the mother pettishly, "or you would not have offered him for a hundred and twenty to Lord Gohard."

"No, on my veracity!" cried the Dandy; I only thought that in case of such an event, Gohard's head might as well be broken as mine."

"I should apprehend," said I, once more mingling in the conversation, "that there was little risk of such a catastrophe: the fall might perhaps cause some little sensation after your decease, for, as soft substances are the most susceptible; there might be an awkward bump on the skull, which, however, the phrenologists would doubtless determine did not exactly denote any particular quality."

There was a pause:—Lady Frances curled her lip, until I read on it, that had I not been a bachelor of sixty with a good fortune, she could have been to the full as bitter on me as I was on her lord elect. However, I had learnt even in the few moments of my stay, that the Honourable Burlington Sydney was a horse-jockey, and I knew, moreover, that Lord Gohard was his friend. "So you bought the large emerald at the sale, the other day, did you not?" asked the Dowager, internally marvelling that it had not yet been transferred to her daughter. "I faith yes," replied the Exquisite with a knowing wink, "and, quizz me, I was near bit—took it to—have it mounted for Lady Frances, and he found a flaw; so I had it put up again, and told old Mrs. Bangpore, the nabob's wife, in confidence, that it was unique, and she bought it in at fifty guineas more than it cost me—Ha! ha!" and the honourable laughed as heartily as tight stays and affection would permit.

Strange! thought I, that no man ever lacked intelligence to be a knave; so the Honourable Burlington Sydney was a swindler!

"Apropos de vin, Lady Frances," continued the lover, "D'Aubrey and I drank the bet last night."

"I should imagine you were a little on 'air, Burlington," said the lady calmly, as she added another bead to her purse.

"Pon my conscience! here he was thinking of a something in the moon, as he had just before proved to us—"I was not on 'air to my knowledge, but this morning I discovered that some plebeian had incarcerated me in the watch-house, for having sung an opera air somewhat above concert pitch."

At this period of the conversation I took my leave, with the pleasant conviction that we were about to engraft a horse-jockey, a swindler, and a drunkard on the family tree:—I was afraid to stay longer, lest I might be farther enlightened on the merits of the honourable suitor of my far-off cousin. But all these were venial errors, I am told—the offspring of fashion. Burlington

Sydney is embraced by a large and noble circle; he rides fine horses; is a knowing whip; eats, drinks, walks, yawns, and gambles fashionably; is, in fact, (so says my right honourable cousin, the Dowager,) in every respect the husband she should have selected for her daughter—he is rich, well-looking, thoughtless, and fashionable.

Lady Frances Flourish is a sensible woman, but she has out-fitted some score of dangles, and now she prefers matrimony and a fool, to independence and self-respect. She must, she does, see his folly; but she shuts her eyes against conviction, and treats reason like an intruder. Will she do this when she has been a wife twelve months? I only fear that if by the period I have mentioned, the Honourable Burlington Sydney has not broken either her heart or her neck, she will wish she had hearkened to the warning voice of a "distant relation."

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

On Tuesday evening a new comedy in three acts, under the quaint denomination of *Paul Pry*, was performed at this theatre. It is the acknowledged production of Mr. Poole, the author and translator of many very agreeable pieces; and we are fully of opinion that he has added considerably to his former dramatic reputation by his present original and successful effort. The scene is laid in a country village, amongst the principal inhabitants of which we find a Mr. Witherton, a gentleman, who, fearing in his youthful days the real or supposed restraint of matrimony, has reached the shady side of sixty, and has still continued in a state of "single blessedness." As, however, in our anxiety to avoid an imagined evil, we often fall into a real calamity, so has it fared with this prejudiced old gentleman; for in the lapse of years he has gradually sunk, though unknown to himself, under the dominion of two most rapacious and designing servants. These harpies, Mr. Grasp, the steward, and Mrs. Subtle, the housekeeper, have hid their plans so skillfully, that, by the suppression of letters, by gentle insinuations, and by other equally dishonest means, they have prevailed upon their credulous master to disinherit his nephew; and the lady in particular has so judiciously applied the oil of flattery, that the ancient bachelor has become entangled in her toils, and she expects, at no distant period, to become hymeneally established as mistress of the family. In the same village also resides Colonel Hardy, a good-humoured, positive, retired veteran, and not only is he fond of a little plotting, but the greater part of his household take delight in amusing themselves in a similar manner. The Colonel's arrangement is two-fold: first of all he introduces the discarded nephew into Witherton's house as a humble dependent, and his wife as a sort of upper servant, there to make their way in the affections of their uncle, and counteract the plans of the intriguing servants; and secondly, he has written to his old friend Mr. Stanley, telling him that he has a daughter of a marriageable age, and desiring that his son Harry may forthwith be sent to him to be presented to her as her future husband. The young lady's little plot is to pass off Young Stanley, with whom (ignorant of her father's intentions) she has already fallen in love, and who has accidentally gained admission to the house, as her own cousin just returned from sea; and that of the waiting-maid Phoebe, is to "aid, abet, and assist" her mistress in all her machinations. These several transactions, with the frequent visits of Mr. Paul Pry,

a gentleman of insatiable and ardent curiosity, conspires the business of the piece, which, after many scenes of agreeable equivocation, is brought to a favourable termination—*Witherton* having detected and dismissed his servants, and become reconciled to his nephew, *Colonel Hardy*; though not brought about exactly as he intended, yet satisfied with the issue of his scheme; and poor *Pry*, who had met with nothing but rebukes and accidents, at last, by a lucky hit, contributing to the happy denouement, and admitted (the great object of his ambition) to a seat at the Colonel's dinner-table. Such is a slight sketch of the plot of this little comedy—abounding in incident, and yet at the same time so well laid, and so ably developed, as never at any period of action to become perplexed or unintelligible. Of the dialogue we are likewise enabled to speak favourably. The serious part of it is easy and unaffected, and the comic parts of it are lively, smart, and humorous. The performers are all entitled to no small share of commendation. *Paul Pry*, the hero of the piece, a sort of village "Marplot," a man who, having no employment of his own, occupies himself solely with the affairs of his neighbours—who "knows how much the Colonel's leg of mutton weighs"—"whether the Nabob, who has just arrived at the Green Dragon, keeps his servants upon board-wages or not"—who peeps through the key-holes by the hour together, and jumps in at windows at the risk of his neck to satisfy his spirit of inquiry, was admirably sustained by Mr. *Liston*. His look, his dress, and his insinuating manner, were irresistibly amusing. He never appeared without exciting the loudest laughter; and we have no doubt that his performance of this character will acquire a degree of popularity equal even to his celebrated part in *Sweethearts and Wives*. *Farren*, as the jovial Colonel, "who was happy when he was a bachelor, happy when he was married, happy when his wife died, and has been happy ever since," was highly entertaining—indeed, in a part of this nature we have never seen him to greater or so much advantage: his style, by practice, is becoming daily more and more mellowed, and his deportment more easy; his acting, in fact, is gradually requiring the only thing it was deficient in—warmth of colouring. *Pope* was highly respectable as *Witherton*. He was the perfect gentleman in his appearance, and went through his character with sense and feeling. Of the ladies, *Madame Vestris*, in the chambermaid, looked arch and pretty. She introduced two songs—"Cherry Ripe," and "The Lover's Mistake," both of which were rapturously endured. *Mrs. Waylet*, we must acknowledge, performed *Harry Stanley* well with spirit and vivacity, and looked extremely well in male attire; but at the same time we cannot find out what necessity there was of giving this character to a female, particularly whilst Mr. *Vining*, who would have been well fitted for it, is a member of the Company. *Miss Glover* was, as she always is, correct and satisfactory as *Eliza*; and her highly-gifted mother no less successful in *Mrs. Subtle*, a very unprepossessing, and consequently a very difficult and dangerous character. The minor parts were well sustained, and the whole went off with great elat.

Preparations are making to open the Winter Houses: *Drury Lane* on the 24th, and *Covent Garden* on the 26th. At the former we hear of no new engagement of any consequence: *Miss Kelly* is talked of, but the matter is not settled. At the latter we are to have *Madame Vestris*; *Masurier*, the French mime; Mr.

Wards, from the country; and many others. *Elliston* is recovering gradually from his severe illness. At the English Opera, the *Stout Gentlemen* has been withdrawn, and *Mathews* is about to appear in *Lovegrove's* old character of *Peter Fidget*, in the *Boarding House*.

POLITICS.

ADVICES from India, dated 17th April, state the capture of *Arracan*, one of the principal provinces of the Burmese, and that the war raged with increasing violence.

VARIETIES.

The Hon. John Adam, who, our readers will recollect, took an active part in the contest lately carried on between the press and the Indian government, died on board a homeward-bound Liverpool vessel, on the 4th of June. He had resided in India more than thirty years, having filled the important office of Governor-General from the period of the Marquis of Hastings' departure, to the arrival of Lord Amherst.

The Gazette of Tuesday contains a notice of application to Parliament for very extensive improvements about *Charing Cross*, *St. Martin's Lane*, the *Strand*, &c.; and a Company is forming, under the presidency of the Dukes of *Bedford* and *Devonshire*, to effect considerable improvements in the area and avenues round *St. Paul's cathedral*.

Rheims.—The magnificent cathedral at *Rheims*, which was closed immediately after the coronation of *Charles X.* for the purpose of removing the immense scaffolding erected for that ceremony, and of repairing the damage which the walls sustained on the occasion, has lately been re-opened.

Damp.—It may not be useless to describe the mode adopted in some parts of North America to secure from damp houses built in low and marshy situations; and which is as simple as it is said to be infallible. When the walls are raised about a foot, or two feet above the ground, they are entirely covered with thin sheets of lead, upon which the superstructure is erected. The ascent of damp is thereby prevented, and its operation is confined to the foundations of the building.

Death in the Pot.—The good people of *Farns* are suffering as much alarm as we are on the subject of unwholesome food. Several of the scholars at *L'Ecole Polytechnique*, were poisoned lately by some pork which had been salted in a copper vessel; and this occurrence has given rise to various communications to the editors of the *Parisian journals*, from professional men, all strongly recommending caution.

Decrease of Religion.—In 1815, after *Napoleon's* return, a violent royalist exclaimed to his confessor, who happened to dine with him at *Ghent*: "What!" exclaimed he, "Henry III. and Henry IV. were assassinated, and nobody can be found to rid us of the usurper *Buonaparte*?" The priest fetched a deep sigh: "Ah, my dear Sir," said he, "there is no longer any religion in the world as in those days!" (*Buonaparte* is said to have been much amused with this anecdote.)

Actors.—A recent *Parisian journal* contains the following paragraph: "Frederic, the actor, having allowed himself to add some words to his part of a coachman, without the knowledge of the authorities, has been fined by the administration of *L'Ambigu*." Some regulation of a similar nature would be exceedingly beneficial in English theatres, where our "clowns" but too often "speak more than is set down for them."

Menou.—*Menou*, to insinuate himself into the good graces of the Arabs, took the name of *Abdallah Jacques Menou*; and he issued his proclamations in Arabic and French, and sent them to all the towns, to be made known to the children of the Prophet, by being put up in the most conspicuous places. They were received with the greatest humility and respect by the constituted authorities, who promised due obedience to the "Firman." Sir *Sidney Smith*, walking one day in the bazaar or market of one of the towns, perceived several papers folded, dangling from the roof, and asked what they were. "They are the firmans of *Abdallah Menou*, which we were ordered to hang up in the most public places." They had literally obeyed their orders in doing so; and that those sacred firmans might not be injured, they had folded them up in the smallest compass possible, tied them with a green riband, and hung them up where "merchants most do congregate."

Diorama.—A new picture has lately been opened at the *Diorama* in *Paris*, which represents an effect of fog and snow. The view is taken across a gothic vestibule in perspective, behind which nothing is at first discovered but a dim horizon. By degrees the fog disperses and affords peeps of a vast forest of firs and larches, in an immense valley. To obscurity a brilliant light gradually succeeds. The vapours rise, the sky is illuminated, and the tops of the mountains show themselves. Report speaks highly of the skill with which these changes are produced.

EPIGRAM

On a vindictive, but ill-written and vulgar Satire.

Of "OTTENCE," my good friend, thou shalt ne'er be accused;
(Let this thought never enter thy head);
Since an honour I deem it to be SO abused:
'Tis a COMPLIMENT only I dread!

Enter.

Poetess.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. E. H. Barker, who was long intimate with the late Dr. Parr, is employed on a Biography of that eminent scholar. The Doctor, we understand, has left literally no literary labours behind him.

A Hebrew Tale, entitled "Sephora," descriptive of the country of Palestine and of the Manners and Customs of the ancient Israelites, 2 vols. post 8vo, may shortly be expected to appear.—Also, *Outlines of Truth*, by a Lady; and, in a neat pocket volume, *Nugæ Sacre*, or *Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs*.

Beresford's Miseries of Human Life; a new edition, with some *Posthumous Graces*, is announced. Since his return from Canada, Mr. Galt has, we hear, made considerable progress in a Novel.

Sketches of the 21 Classes of the *Linnaean System*; with 50 specimens of English Plants, taken from Nature, their place of growth, time of flowering, and medicinal properties, is in the press, and may be shortly expected. New editions of the two following works, we understand are in preparation: viz. *A Course of Nine Sermons illustrative of the leading Truths in the Library*, by the Rev. F. Close, of *Cheltenham*; and *The Vanity of this Mortal Life*, or of Man considered in his present mortal state, by John Howe, M.A. of *Magd. Coll. Oxon.* 1678.

A French translation of "Marriage" is about to be published at *Paris*.

The last two volumes, completing the modern biography, under the title of *Biographies des Contemporains*, will appear in the course of the month. Curiosity is breathless for the article *Talrand*, which it is said is drawn up by a great diplomatist. But be it drawn up by whom it may, it will necessarily be very imperfect. No one dare write it as positively will view it, and even then many parts can only be guessed at, unless the Prince leaves behind him his *memoirs*. It would be highly curious to ascertain how high he rated his journals to the different powers of Europe, and what sums entered his coffers as the rewards of these services.—*Paris Letter*.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis, Vol. V. & VI. post 8vo. 16s. 6d.—*Realities*, a tale from real life, 4 vols. 12mo. 17s. 6d.—*Life of Paul Jones*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Review of the Evidence taken before the Irish Committee of both Houses of Parliament*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—*Chapman's Report of Manchester and Den Ship Canal*, 4 vols.

